

**Have The
Atom-Bomb Tests
Gone Too Far?**

BY PROFESSOR N. J. BERRILL

MACLEAN'S

JULY 9 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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EDITORIAL

Let's Call It "Confederation Day"

TO English-Canadians Dominion Day seems a good enough name for the national birthday which we're now celebrating for the eighty-eighth time.

It evokes suitable associations both historical and geographic. We get a pleasant feeling of physical grandeur from the Biblical line, "Ye shall have dominion from sea to sea," which is supposed to have suggested the word to John A. Macdonald in the first place. Historically it hasn't the impact of "Bastille Day" to a Frenchman or "Independence Day" to an American, but it does sum up in four elided syllables an important aspect of Canada's national development. Webster gives one meaning of the word as "estate or domain of a feudal lord," which wasn't too far off the mark in 1867. Another meaning, though, is "short for self-governing dominion (see Statute of Westminster)," and the dictionary goes on to quote in full the definition of "dominions" adopted by the Imperial Conference of 1926:

Autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or foreign affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

This concept of Dominion Status was almost entirely a Canadian invention, and Canadians have every right to be proud of it. It has been the means of preserving and augmenting the real strength of the Commonwealth through a time when the nominal or apparent strength was waning, and it made possible the crowning triumph of 1947—the accession of India and

Pakistan as free, equal, voluntary members of an organization they might once have regarded as their captor and jailer. No wonder Canadians like to commemorate this national achievement in their national day.

True, even in English the word is unhappily ambiguous. It's hard to explain to enquiring Americans why a free and independent country, just as free and just as independent as the United States, prefers to be known by a name which also means "domain of a feudal lord." It brings memories of George III and the Boston Tea Party to them, and makes them sceptical of Canadian nationhood.

But the real trouble with the word "dominion" is not explaining it to the Americans, but translating it into French for the *Canadiens*.

French is a language of Canada and there is no such word as "dominion" in French. "Dominion Day" could be translated as "Jour d'Empire," or "Jour de la Domination"—neither likely to appeal, as titles for Canada's national day, to a group of Canadian citizens who have had too many occasions to wonder whether all their compatriots accept them as the equals they are. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the use of "Dominion Day" is a standing insult, no less offensive for being inadvertent, to more than one third of all Canadians.

There is an excellent word which is bilingual, which has historical associations of its own, and which has the added merit of precision as a name for Canada's birthday. That word is "Confederation." That's what we're celebrating each First of July, and we can say so in both the native tongues of our country. Why don't we celebrate "Confederation Day" from now on?

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 to buy the best oil
 for your car

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The more good brands you know, the surer you are. Get acquainted with the brands in this magazine. They'll help you cut down on buying mistakes, get more for your money.

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A GOOD BRAND IS YOUR BEST GUARANTEE



SAFETY is a far greater problem now!

MAYBE you have memories of scenes like the one above when the "horseless carriage" was just beginning to roll along our roads and streets. You may remember, too, how careful the drivers were . . . and how everyone took precautions to avoid accidents with the new and wonderful machines.

Automobile safety was important then, but it is far more so now. This is because the modern car is such a sensitive and powerful machine . . . and because today our streets and highways are crowded with over three million four hundred thousand registered motor vehicles. Furthermore most city streets were laid out when horse-drawn vehicles were the principal means of transportation.

Safe motoring is, of course, vital the year round if the toll of lives from motor vehicle accidents is to be reduced. That toll now amounts to about 3,000 fatalities a year.

During the summer, motorists on weekend outings or long distance touring are especially tempted to be careless. Such drivers are frequently in a hurry to reach their destinations, and often try to crowd too much mileage into too little time.

This get-there-quick urge may lead to dangerous situations . . . and rob motoring of its fun. So, before you get behind the wheel this summer, would it not be a good idea to take a look at your driving habits? Here is a quiz that you can take. Your score may determine how safe you, your family and others on the road will be.

10 Points for Each Question—Perfect Score 100	Your Score
1. Are your brakes in proper working order?	
2. Do you carefully observe all traffic regulations, particularly about speed?	
3. Do you watch movements of other cars and try to anticipate what their drivers will do?	
4. Do you always stop driving when you feel fatigued or ill?	
5. Do you drive with extra caution when pedestrians, especially children, are about?	
6. Do you keep in line when nearing the top of a hill or a sharp turn?	
7. Do you lower your speed as darkness approaches so you can stop within the distance illuminated by your headlights?	
8. Do you have your car checked before starting on a long trip?	
9. Do you give other motorists a break by signaling in ample time before stopping or changing direction?	
10. Are you familiar with the distances required to bring your car to a stop at various rates of speed?	

Every time you take the wheel . . . remind yourself that your driving is, at the moment, your most important responsibility. Then you will be doing your part to make our streets and highways less hazardous.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



When Paris Hits The Road

CANADA is looking up! Not only do you have your own Festival Theatre at Stratford, even as we do in England's town of that name, but last winter I had the pleasure of seeing a musical comedy in Toronto based upon Leacock's immortal sketches of Orillia. And now—or so I have been told—you are going to be visited in October by the incomparable company of the Comédie Française from Paris. Who would not live in Canada? But I agree that is quite another subject.

My first contact with French drama was at Harbord Collegiate in Toronto where a temporary teacher of French was always quoting Molière or talking about him. His pronunciation of the name was perfect, almost too perfect, and we regarded him as a swanker. It is all very well to speak French but you don't have to sound like a Frenchman.

However, we had our revenge. His temporary tour of duty was over and at the end of the day he departed. But we were waiting for him. There had been a deep snowfall and as he came out of the school we pelted him with snowballs to the accompaniment of "Molière! Molière! Molière!" Memory is an awful liar but I think it was a well-directed throw of mine that caught him right on the nose.

We did not know that Molière had helped found the Comédie Française, or if we did know we did not care. Yet Molière and the famous company of players are indivisible. As a matter of fact it could be argued that it was with the Comédie Française that the prelude to the French Revolution was played. You have all, of course, heard Mozart's opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*, but originally it was a comedy without music. In the most daring fashion the Comédie Française played it to excited crowds that shouted approval at every jibe against the aristocrats.

The crowning absurdity was that the theatre was subsidized by King Louis XIV who thus helped to finance his own ruin. However, he had his revenge beyond the grave. Following the Revolution, the Comédie Française went in for plays extolling the extreme left, and their ardor was so intense that the Parisians became bored. The revolution was successful but the Comédie Française had to close its doors through lack of patronage.

Incidentally, one of the company's best actors of that period, Labussier, was made a member of the Committee of Public Safety—that infamous tribunal which sentenced so many innocent people to death. He had no option but to serve, yet to his eternal credit he secured the discharge of hundreds of people including various actors.

The sequel to that story has a sentimentally ironic twist which is worthy of one of their comedies. Sometime in the 1930s—I forget which year—a plaque in memory of Labussier was placed in the foyer of the theatre that houses the Comédie Française. The donor of the plaque was an anonymous Englishman!

However, you can never discuss French history, not even the history of the French theatre, without bringing in *Continued on page 55*



Comédie Française shows Paris a play they'll bring to Canada this fall.



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE At Ottawa



Cartoon by Grassick

In Viet Nam, not only the jungle obstructs the Canadian arbiters.

What's a Communist Signature Worth?

CANADA'S Auditor General, Watson Sellar (as I forgot to mention in an article about him a couple of months ago), spends a few weeks in New York each year auditing the books of the United Nations. This spring he ran across an amusing item.

One of the few United Nations agencies allowed to operate inside Red China is an office in Shanghai for the relief of refugees. The staff is entirely Chinese, though, and no outsiders may go in to inspect the little mission. Accounts and reports come out by mail.

During the past year one set of accounts showed the director and his staff of about thirty had all got a raise in pay. No such increase had been authorized, so instructions were sent from New York to put everyone back to his former salary.

After some delay a reply arrived from the director in Shanghai. It was against the law of Communist China, he explained, for any foreign employer either to fire a worker or to cut his pay. Therefore the salaries of his staff must remain as they were, and this being the case he thought it only fair that he should have the increase too.

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS people don't find this anecdote very funny. For one thing they're afraid it may discredit a UN agency which in other places, notably the Middle East, is doing valuable work. Also they find it a depressing reminder of the difficulties of collaborating in any way, major or minor, with the Communist bloc on either side of the globe.

There's good reason to hope that soon, perhaps this summer when the Big Four meet "at the summit," new opportunities may arise for attempt-

ing such collaboration. As L. B. Pearson remarked in his testimony before the External Affairs Committee of the House of Commons, Soviet Russia has just accepted an Austrian treaty on terms which she refused even to consider a year ago. Maybe the Russians will now make some offer to Germany of a scheme for evacuation and reunification that no German government could refuse. Pearson also recalled that when he was in the very act of reporting no progress toward a disarmament agreement because the Russians would not make any compromises whatever, the Russian delegate announced a new set of "Russian proposals" which went a long way toward those of the English, French and other Western allies.

Russian offers of this kind could not be turned down. If the sole alternative to nuclear war is a negotiated peace, no sane statesman will refuse to negotiate. But Canada has lately had some useful experience in trying to carry out a negotiated agreement with the Communists. In the so-called Democratic Republic of Viet Nam (the northern half of the former French colony), Canadians on the International Supervisory Commission are learning every day that it isn't enough merely to get a Communist signature on a piece of paper.

The particular piece of paper which Communists signed at Geneva last year, and which ended the fighting in Indo-China, guaranteed freedom of movement to those wanting to leave the Communist area for the non-Communist zone of Viet Nam. Local authorities were not only to permit but actually assist such movements. But experience Continued on page 54

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**A Canadian
Scientist Asks**

HAVE WE GONE TOO FAR WITH THE ATOM TESTS?

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



Because of widespread public concern about what the atomic fall-out from bomb explosions may do to man, and about the hazards of a higher global level of radiation, Maclean's asked Dr. Berrill for his views. Dr. Berrill, Strathcona Professor of Zoology at McGill University and a Fellow of the Royal Society, is internationally known as a scientist and as an author on a wide variety of scientific subjects.

BY NORMAN J. BERRILL

Every time

an atomic explosion occurs

anywhere in the world

more highly dangerous

radioactive particles are set free.

HOW MUCH CAN WE STAND?

Professor Berrill says it's time

our leaders told us the truth —

that even if we survive

we may breed a future race

of morons or monsters

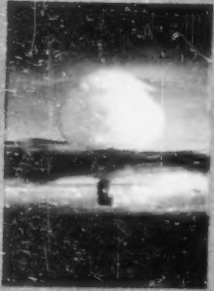
LIVING IN the Atomic Age means living in a world more radioactive than it used to be. This age started with the discovery of radioactive uranium and radium. At first, people who worked with these substances suffered from burns, anaemia and bone cancer. By the end of 1953, according to W. C. Hueper, of the National Cancer Institute of the United States, lung cancer had killed forty to fifty percent of the uranium miners at Joachimsthal in Czechoslovakia and from seventy-five to eighty percent of the miners in other radioactive mines at Schneeberg in southern Germany.

Although there is as yet no known cancer problem among our own uranium miners, Canada's atomic-energy officials are watching the health of these miners closely. Meanwhile what has happened in Europe underlines the danger of atomic particles. If the Atomic Age becomes more of a practical reality we will encounter this danger more and more.

continued on the next two pages

HAVE WE GONE TOO FAR WITH THE ATOM TESTS?

continued



**"If we don't worry about ourselves
we should at least worry
about the quality of our
descendants. The test
bomb explosions are
inexcusable
and should
cease"**

The plain fact is that atomic radiation is potentially harmful to everything that lives, although the harm it does depends on the kind of radiation and the quality of life. Radiation may enter a living cell like small bullets fired from a repeater rifle or as the same kind of bullets fired from a machine gun; or it may consist of much more massive missiles traveling at a slower speed but harder to stop. The damage depends on a combination of speed, massiveness and how many "bullets" or "missiles" penetrate within a given time. And an increase in general radiation occurs each time a test bomb is exploded. The question is: How much can we stand?

One thing seems clear, and that is that the so-called radiation safety levels set by military and civil authorities are not so much inaccurate as they are meaningless. Even if our body tissues can withstand or recover from a certain amount of radiation, our reproductive cells cannot stand any marked increase in the radiation level if this increase is sustained indefinitely.

A radiation unit is usually spoken of as a roentgen, which is an arbitrary unit named after the discoverer of X-rays and is the amount of electricity produced in a small mass of air. Four hundred units is the average lethal dose for humans and one hundred and seventy units produce temporary sterility in women. A radiation "dose" is the intensity of radiation multiplied by the length of time it acts. We receive about one radiation unit from natural sources in the course of three years, or ten units in the thirty years most of us live before we have children. Twenty-five units at the most, and probably less, will double the frequency at which undesirable heredity effects are produced, no matter whether the dose is received in a week or in thirty years. Thus, if we don't worry about ourselves, we should at least be worrying about the quality of our descendants. In this connection test-bomb explosions are inexcusable and should cease before we make a habit of them.

The present situation is serious because even experts seem to

Can radioactivity cause cancer? Here's a sta

Although lung cancer has killed a large proportion of the men employed in uranium and other radioactive mines in Europe—as the accompanying article reports—scientists of the medical and biology divisions of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited say no similar problem has yet arisen here. Following is an official statement prepared for Maclean's:

A high rate of occurrence of cancer of the lung in the miners of Schneeberg and Joachimsthal has been reported in the medical literature for some years. It has been thought to be the result of long continued inhalation of the radioactive gas, radon, and other radioactive substances clinging to the dust particles in the mine air. But there are other influences which must be considered. There

are several stable (nonradioactive) elements which if inhaled as dust increase the likelihood that lung cancer will develop. Arsenic is one of these and is known to be encountered in European mines. There may be other toxic dusts as well. Furthermore the cancer appears after an average exposure of seventeen years, a long exposure by Canadian standards. And finally it is possible that because of inbreeding the local population which has provided the working force for many centuries may be more susceptible to the disease.

In Canada there is, as yet, no known cancer problem in connection with uranium miners. This may be because the annual turnover of workers is high and because of improved working conditions. But the experience in

disagree, and conflicting advice is always disturbing. The federal health minister, Paul Martin, has declared that the fall-out of radioactive particles after a hydrogen-bomb explosion and the hazards of radioactivity represent in very truth a peril to humanity. On the other hand Dr. O. M. Solandt, chairman of Canada's Defense Research Board, states that although Canada and perhaps the entire world has been subjected to some radioactive dust the quantity, except in atomic test areas, is infinitesimal and harmless to humans, animals and vegetation. He states the global radioactive level would have to be raised a hundredfold before it became dangerous to humans. Sir John Cockcroft, director of Britain's atomic-energy research at Harwell, goes further and claims the level would need to be a thousand times greater to be harmful.

Whom are we to believe? Should we take seriously the warning of the two physicists of the University of Colorado, Dr. R. R. Lanier and Dr. Theodore Puck, that radioactivity from the Nevada tests has already reached the stage where it can no longer be ignored as a factor affecting heredity? Or should we agree with the Governor of Colorado, who said the scientists' statement was an irresponsible publicity stunt and that they should be arrested?

The question amounts to this: What is the safety level of radiation or is there no safety level at all? The answer is that it depends on whether your concern is for yourself as an individual or whether you are worrying about your descendants. As an individual human being you can stand a certain amount of radiation. As a custodian of the generations to come there is no threshold of safety whatsoever. In the light of both what we know and what we do not know concerning the hereditary effects of exposure to radiation, further explosions of test bombs anywhere, whether in Nevada, Australia, Russia or the South Pacific, are not justifiable. With our weapons for atomic war we obviously have no

Continued on page 49

re's a statement by Canadian atomic officials

Europe and the recent marked expansion of uranium-mining activities led to careful studies of the possible hazards at Port Radium, NWT, and Beaverlodge, Sask. As might be expected, it was found that measures taken to reduce the dust content of the air also reduced the radioactivity. The relation between dust and silicosis is already well known. Methods of reducing dust formation by the liberal use of water at the working faces and removing dust by adequate ventilation have become standard procedures.

As a result of the studies, specific recommendations for further improvement of the control of dust were made and are being acted upon. Equipment has been developed for measuring radon in mine air. The apparatus is not

expensive and the plans are available to any mine operator from the Ontario Mines Accident Prevention Association, or the Department of National Health and Welfare. An added hazard peculiar to such mines is that unused workings which are not ventilated may accumulate high concentrations of radon. Such areas must be sealed and must be well ventilated in advance of any resumption of work.

Levels of uranium in the mine air do not constitute a health hazard. To obtain more information about lung cancer, which seems to be increasing everywhere, it is planned to determine the amount of previous exposure to radiation, from any source, of patients with this disease. It will be some time before results can be expected.



"The risk we are now taking has not been calculated. We are playing with a new kind of fire, knowing only that the flame is hot and that we as material are inflammable"

Here is the personal story
of the first white woman in the
western Arctic. Her first
home was a sod hut on the tundra;
her first two children
were born without medical aid.
Now this wife of a famous
missionary tells of grappling
with knife-wielding Eskimos,
baking bread in an oven of tin
cans — and finally
of that dramatic winter when



Bishop (later Archbishop) Stringer helps his wife model an Arctic parka during visit to London in 1914.

My husband ate his boots

BY SADIE STRINGER

These are part of the memoirs of the wife of one of northern Canada's best-known Anglican missionaries, the late Archbishop I. O. Stringer. They were completed, with the help of a Maclean's editor, late last winter. Shortly after finishing this work, Mrs. Stringer, at eighty-five, died in a Vancouver hospital.

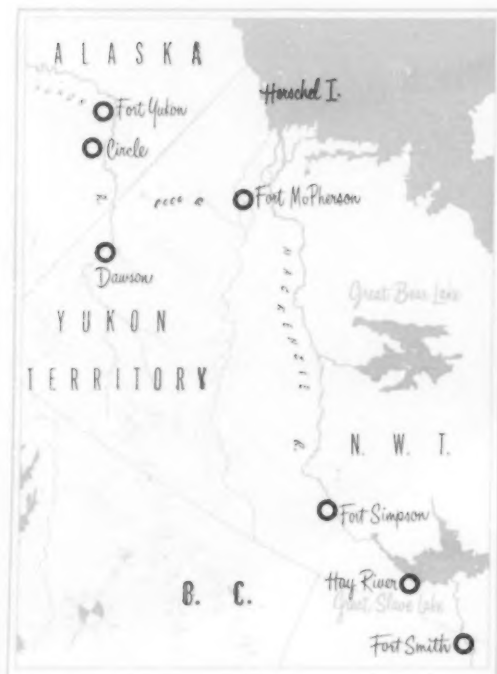
ON A February evening in 1914 my husband and I dined with King George V and Queen Mary in Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was a dazzling occasion for a girl raised on an Ontario farm, and the memory of it has remained with me all my life. But at the moment when the caviar was brought to us on gold and silver platters by white-gloved waiters in full evening dress, I had some earlier memories. What a long way we had come, I thought, from that cold and barren island in the Arctic where we had spent the first years of our married life! And once again my mind returned, as it has over the decades, to Herschel Island, that three-by-ten-mile hump of rock and ice off the northern coast of the Yukon Territory where we had lived for four years. The fifteenth-century banquet hall with its vaulted ceiling and tall stained-glass windows vanished and from the files of memory I plucked a swift series of images: the sod hut where we had spent the first domestic days of our marriage; the makeshift curtains made from strips of Swiss muslin torn from my wedding dress;

the oven contrived out of old tin cans in which we roasted moose nose and beaver tail; the ungainly yet comfortable clothing sewn from caribou hides and wolverine pelts; and, above all, the sombre sky, the grey, desolate tundra and the mournful sea stretching north to the Pole.

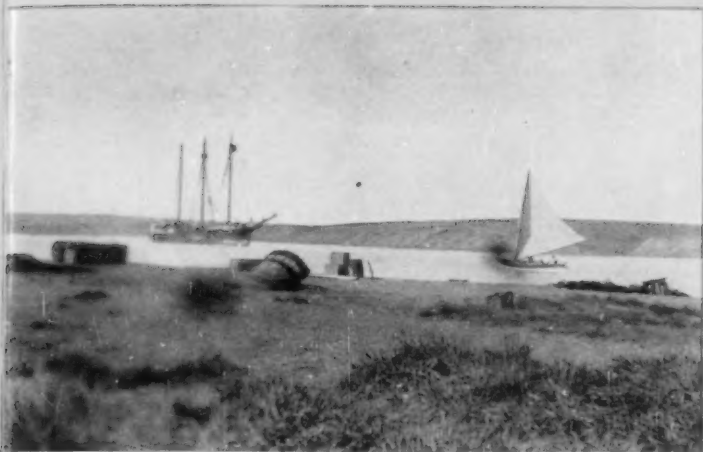
It was because of these experiences in the Arctic and sub-Arctic, of course, that we were present on this regal occasion. The King and Queen were intensely curious about the Canadian north.

They knew of my husband as the man who had saved himself from starvation by boiling and eating his boots on a mountain divide and they knew that I was one of the first white women the Eskimos had ever seen. Soon I found myself telling the Queen of how I had given birth to babies a thousand miles north of the nearest doctor, and of how my husband had grappled with knife-wielding Eskimos and struggled with hostile medicine men to bring the word of God to the top of the North American continent. Before the evening was over I had told the whole story of my early life. Now, at the age of eighty-five, I am putting it all on paper for any historical value it may have.

My husband was Isaac O. Stringer, Bishop of the Yukon from 1905 to 1931 and Metropolitan Archbishop of Rupert's Land from 1931 to his death in 1934. We were brought up on neighboring farms at Kincardine, Ont., and it seemed natural enough that, when he graduated from theological college in 1894, he should ask me to go to the Arctic with him as his wife when he took up missionary work there for the Church of England. Two years later, after



To reach Herschel Island the Stringers pushed two thousand miles down the Mackenzie. On a later trip Bishop Stringer had to eat his boots at Peel River.



Herschel, a rocky treeless hump of land off the north coast of the Yukon, was a busy port for American whalers in the Nineties.



Bishop and his wife try on costumes bound for the Royal Ont. Museum.

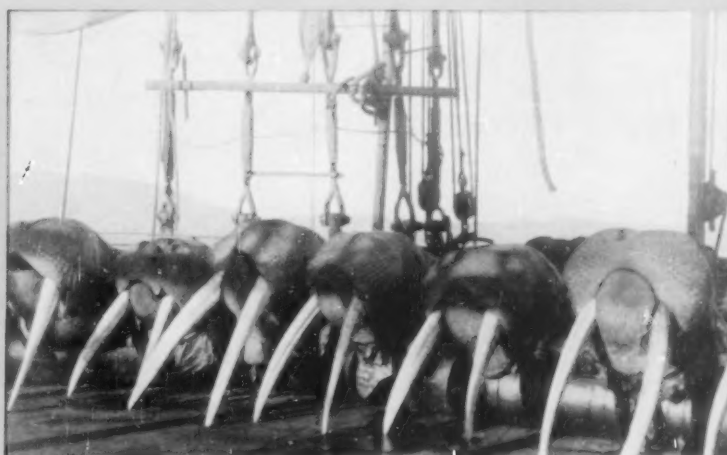


Stringers lived in two rooms at back of whalers' warehouse. Mission house (above) was built later.

AS A BRIDE OF TWENTY-FOUR SADIE STRINGER SET UP HOUSEKEEPING ON GREY DESOLATE HERSCHEL ISLAND



Distant Eskimos brought their children to the Stringer school in walrus-hide boats.



Whaling ships from San Francisco put into Herschel constantly during the summer months to unload valuable walrus ivory, but fled when winter came.



Bishop was midwife when Herschel and Rowena were born on island.

I had taken the nurse's training so necessary for such a venture, Isaac came down from the north on furlough and we were married. I was twenty-four, he was twenty-six, and both of us were burning with a missionary zeal laced by a sense of adventure on the far side of the cold horizon.

It was May 1896, and the north in those days was an empty unknown land, primeval and mysterious, virtually unmapped and unexplored, unscratched by prospector's pick or oilman's drill and more than a little frightening. Gold had not yet been discovered in the Klondike and, save for a handful of fur traders and missionaries, the entire country north of Edmonton was the private domain of the aborigines and the wolves.

We set out from Edmonton into the unknown, sitting on a plank thrown across a wagon that contained all our household goods. Thus began the long, wearying two-thousand-mile journey down the Mackenzie River system by cart and stern-wheel steamer and small boat through a wild yet hauntingly beautiful land, where the Indians wore skin suits fringed with colored quills and beads and daubed their cheeks with vermillion. What a welcome sight it was to behold at Fort Smith on the Slave River the strangely incongruous figure of W. D. Reeve, Bishop of the Mackenzie, in his round black clerical hat, black frock coat, gaiters and moccasins. He had come down from Fort Simpson four hundred miles to the northwest and was on his way to England to visit his children. Poor man, it was an experience that brought him mixed feelings. He told us that when visiting his

own kin he always felt "like a stranger in the house." He had been thirty years in the north and found difficulty in adjusting to civilization and he told us with a wan smile that he suspected his offspring were secretly glad to see him depart.

It was about this time that another of our missionaries, Rev. W. Spendlove, wrote these words from Fort Norman on the Mackenzie:

"We reside in the northern confines of British territory on the Arctic slopes of this continent, not

far from the Arctic Circle and Great Bear Lake, amid wild mountainous scenery. Either the wild fury of the storm rages or dead calm prevails . . . ice-blocked and snowbound. Dense forest covers the banks of the river and beyond a trackless desert of beautiful perfectly dry snow. Distance, eight thousand miles from England; upwards of fifteen hundred miles beyond the outer limit of Canadian frontier border of civilization; and our nearest missionary brother fifteen

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Mrs. Stringer once trekked from Dawson to Fort McPherson with her Indian guide William Blindgoose.



At Queen's Sonshine twice won the most-valuable-player college award.

The Fan who took over The Argos

BY TRENT FRAYNE

For Harry Sonshine, the dream of all football fans came true.

He walked down from the stands, fired the quarterback, got rid of the coach and began running the team himself. The cries of outrage have covered the continent

IN TIMES of adversity, every good football fan dreams the same glorious and impossible dream. As he huddles in his three-dollar seat watching dear old Rutgers or the Mighty Misfits fumble away their sixth straight game, his eyes grow dim and a vision swims before them in which the following blessed happenings occur:

☆ He personally takes over the sole and uncontested direction of the team.

☆ He personally gets rid of the coach and hires a new one.

☆ He personally fires the quarterback and engages a successor.

☆ He personally discharges the team's players in wholesale lots and employs new ones by the carload.

To only one football fan in all of history has this universal dream come true. He's Harry Sonshine who for thirty years, man and boy, has bled for the Toronto Argonauts.

For three years in the late 1930s he played with the team and twice shared their glory in winning the Grey Cup as national champions. Through the 1940s he sat in the stands and cheered hoarsely as they added three more Grey Cups. He clasped the hand of a coach named Frank Clair in 1950 and again in 1952 as two more Grey Cups were won—and then he grew glum. The Argonauts finished 1953 a miserable fourth in the Big Four league. He grew glummer as they foundered again in '54.

And then all of a sudden he was hauled out of the stands, handed approximately one hundred thousand dollars and told to go build the Argos a winning team. He assembled a number of outsize athletes from the

National Professional Football League in the United States and returned, as spent as his bank roll, to take his bows.

What he took instead were lumps. Headlines, lawsuits and strong language were his rewards. What Sonshine had done was simple enough—he had hired some American players for the 1955 Argos who were better, he believed, than those who'd been hired the year before. But it was the way he operated that alienated almost everybody, including the coach Frank Clair who was so hamstrung by various clauses placed in his 1955 contract by Sonshine that he resigned his \$12,500-a-year job for five thousand less at the University of Cincinnati and what he termed "better security." Scores of other people took more voluble, if less costly, exception to the Sonshine manner.

"A terrible black eye to Canadian football," said Leo Dandurand, president of the Montreal Alouettes. "I do not hesitate to indict Mr. Sonshine."

"He's trying to price the rest of us right out of business," said Jake Gaudaur, president of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats.

"Callous and undiplomatic," wrote Baz O'Meara, sports editor of the Montreal Star.

"Disastrous," said George Preston Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins.

"He's pushed Argonaut press relations, which have often been strained, to a new low," said Jim Vipond, sports editor of the Toronto Globe and Mail.

Even staunch Argonaut fans showered letters of protest into Toronto newspapers, and the papers themselves

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Coach Clair of Argos quit after year with Sonshine.



In the stands he left to direct Argos, Sonshine poses

with



with wife Ailene and (reading from left to right) veteran guard Fred Black; new fullback Don Guest; trainer George Stockwell; import tackle Gil Mains.

popularized such impossible terms as "barbecue-burger" (an ordinary hamburger doused with bottled barbecue sauce) listed on the menu of a major chain of Canadian restaurants at sixty cents. It has brought in a new brand of party pest, the guest who insists he can cook better than the host, and it has presented the world with the weird sight of the domestic white-collar male exchanging recipes for barbecue sauce with the boys at work, as if discussing how to mix a Martini. The simile is particularly apt in the case of one dedicated barbecue fan living in Oshawa, Ont.—he's invented a barbecue sauce made from Martinis. "You not only marinate the meat in it," he says, "you also marinate yourself in it."

Basically, barbecuing means broiling over coals. The fire is very important. The state of the coals should be about that of a campfire just before everyone goes home. One book on barbecuing devotes two pages to the subject of building a fire. It says that the ideal barbecue fire should be "a soft grey, shot with an inner glow." The traditional fuel is oak or hickory, and Southerners still think anyone who would use anything else is a damn carpet-bagger. Most suburban barbecuers, however, use charcoal which reaches the right condition for cooking faster than wood. Meat cooked this way can have its flavor restored by the addition of liquid smoke to the basting sauce, or by adding to the fire chips of oak, hickory, bay, elder, myrtle or cherry wood.

Correctly barbecued meat achieves its flavor from the searing it gets and, in precise amounts, from the

smoke of the smoldering drippings and from the fuel. Barbecuing skill is revealed in the chef's timing, and the conscientious barbecuer is as busy as a short-order cook. He puts the steak on the grill just in time to catch the last whiff of smoke before the wood turns to coals. He crushes out coals when the fire is too hot and rakes more into the middle when it's too cool. Or, if he has an adjustable grill or firebox, he cranks the spit until the meat gets the right amount of heat all over. He douses flare-ups with water and he is forever popping sprays, sprigs, chips and leaves onto the fire at just the right moment.

Another vital part of the process that approaches a mystic rite is the barbecue sauce used for marinating the meat (soaking it, before cooking, for periods ranging from a few hours to a day and a half) and for basting the meat while it's cooking. A typical sauce that can be used for both marinating and basting is made of a cup of red or white table wine, a cup of olive oil, three cloves of garlic, three sprigs each of rosemary, thyme and marjoram, and one bay leaf. The mixture is let stand until it is well flavored; then it is strained and swabbed onto the meat with the leaf end of a long stalk of celery, used to impart extra flavor.

Barbecue experts divide into two main camps: those who believe that a steak should be cooked in a leisurely manner over a coolish fire, and those who think it should be cooked fast, rare and low over the coals, or even in the coals. The slow-broiling school, now in the ascendancy, claims that fast cooking shrinks the meat and forces the juices out

of it. Fast cooks claim that they sear a crust over the steak so that the juices can't escape.

Hans Fread, proprietor of the Sign of the Steer restaurant in Toronto, gives the following advice: "The meat should be well aged. It's a fallacy to think that this means keeping it in the refrigerator for a week. This is not ageing. The only way meat can be aged is in a whole piece. You can't age slices. Prepare the steak by dipping both sides in a good cooking oil permeated with garlic. Let all the surplus oil drip off before putting the steak on the grill. It's important to have a container of water and a whisk handy to put out any flare-up from flaming fats and juices in the fire. When this happens it chars the meat and charred meat is very bitter. The steak should be done on one side and then on the other. A steak should never be turned over more than once. Fire tongs should be used to turn the meat—never a fork. A fork punctures the meat and allows the juices to come out."

Steaks are the favorite cut of barbecue fans and the basis of many inventions. A representative, if exotic, one is called *Steak Marchand de Vins*. You mix two tablespoonfuls of chopped shallots in a cup of dry red wine and cook until it reaches half its original volume. Cream into a quarter pound of butter, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, three tablespoonfuls of thick soup stock, a dash of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Barbecue a porterhouse steak over a fire of dried grape shoots, dollop with a blob of beef marrow that has been poached for one minute in salt water, cover with the sauce and serve.

Or, more simply, cover *Continued on page 41*



Most women cook by the book but men will give anything a trial.

There's something about
a barbecue that
brings out the inventor
and adventurer in a

man who once did nothing about supper

but sometimes peek and sniff under a saucepan lid



You've got to start that fire early if you want to eat before dark.



The coals are perfect for chops—then a pal tosses on his newspaper.



Just because you're eating outside doesn't mean manners are taboo.



Lucille Henderson wanted to run

a haven for young longhairs



but

the hipsters



moved in and soon she

was bossing a nonstop jam session.

Come and spend an evening in



Canada's noisiest boardinghouse

WITH ONE important exception, the rooming houses, bars and beverage rooms along Toronto's hawdy beery Jarvis Street are usually whooping it up each Saturday evening by nine. The exception is Melody Mill, a hulking three-story affair sandwiched between a church and a Baptist seminary. Yet almost any other night it would qualify for the dubious distinction of being Canada's noisiest boardinghouse. The reason for the strange Saturday silence is that most of the tenants of Melody Mill are dance-band musicians and every man with a playing date has gone out, taking his noise with him. Only a few serious amateurs remain home to break the uncomfortable quiet now and then with a roll on their drums or a few hot licks from a horn.

It is a few minutes past nine and Mrs. Lucille Henderson, the improbable proprietor of this unique institution, sits in Melody Mill's coffee bar enjoying the silence and a third cup of coffee. She is a shy-mannered woman in her forties with titian hair done up in tight curls, a winsome unlined face

BY DERM DUNWOODY

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

and a trim figure. She might be a schoolteacher or a housewife. The fact that she is Melody Mill's founder—as well as its bouncer, hatcheck girl, kitchen supervisor, bookkeeper, desk clerk and boss lady—is as difficult for her to believe as it is for outsiders. Particularly as she has no liking for jazz and not much more for those who play it.

Every day Lucille tells herself and anyone else who cares to listen that Melody Mill is not a jazz house; but even as she speaks an onslaught of jazz rhythms drowns out her words. When she opened her boardinghouse in September, 1953, she hoped to bring in enough classical musicians to offset the jazz addicts. But Melody Mill's dimly lit basement studios and its downtown location proved ideal

for jam sessions. Today three quarters of Melody Mill's forty-odd roomers are jazz musicians and, in spite of Lucille's dream of turning the old house into a sort of Carnegie Hall with bedrooms, it's jazz that pays the bills—what bills do get paid, that is.

It is more than just a boardinghouse. Tin Pan Galley, its aptly named dining room, stays open until 4 a.m. and caters both to musicians and "squares"—as people who don't appreciate jazz are referred to by the hipsters. Melody Mill's studios are rented out to both residents and nonresidents and to small orchestras. It's a popular stopover for out-of-town musicians and a headquarters for the locals, a hangout where they can hold their jam sessions, make business contacts and dawdle over coffee while earnestly disputing the uses and abuses of the flatted fifth.

A sprinkling of classical musicians—about a dozen in all—have survived the jazz invasion. Mariss Vetra, an opera teacher, lives and teaches in a soundproofed studio on the second floor.



Blind Negro bass player Doug Thompson slaps out a Dixieland beat as another after-midnight jam session gets underway in the basement of Toronto's Melody Mill.

Often, a concert pianist finds himself assigned to a studio adjacent to one being used by a Dixieland trombonist. Jazzmen at the boardinghouse have been heard to express a sneaking admiration for the classics—and a promising young classical pianist quit her studies to go to New York to learn jazz after being exposed to a few of Melody Mill's jam sessions.

It is almost 10 p.m. before Melody Mill shows even faint signs of livening up. From a ground-floor studio near the dining room comes the sound of a saxophone player practicing his scales. He tootles up, he tootles down—and Lucille Henderson lights a cigarette and sighs.

A voice calls out suddenly, "Hey, man, I got the loot. Forty cents."

The saxophone stops in mid-scale. "Crazy, man—let's go drink up a storm."

There is no more saxophone and the front door slams as two young men depart to drink up a forty-cent storm. Their cheerful poverty is not untypical; Lucille hears dozens of similar conversations every day. In an age of canned music and juke boxes, most jazz musicians in Canada rely on one-night jobs, on week-end dates at fraternity dances and summer engagements at resort hotels. There just aren't enough jobs to go around and so money is in short supply at Melody Mill.

Lucille absently brushes some crumbs from the table. A jazz pianist suddenly comes to life in the

basement as Lucille reflects sadly that Melody Mill's own financial status is as shaky as that of its tenants. Only the night before, movers arrived with designs on two of her eighteen pianos. They left—without the pianos—only after she had phoned a creditor and promised him a certified cheque for a hundred dollars the next day. Then all she had to do was find the hundred dollars. By browbeating roomers who owed back rent and by digging deeply into her own purse, she raised the money. And Melody Mill kept its pianos.

Normally, she's not nearly hard-boiled enough. Just as Melody Mill was heading into one of its more crucial financial crises last fall, Lucille lowered the room rents by two dollars a week—to ten dollars a week single and seven-fifty double.

Melody Mill is probably the only institution on Jarvis Street that is even more nonprofit-making than the CBC up the street a block. Most of its properties are deeply in hock and Lucille spends a good part of her time talking nicely to creditors. After nineteen months of operation Melody Mill owed something in the vicinity of ninety-eight hundred dollars and Lucille called in an auditor to straighten up her tangled finances. When he expressed incredulity that the boardinghouse was still in business, she explained, "Well, it's all in deferred payments." By bearing down harder on her tenants, by commercializing the restaurant and by renting rooms to tourists, she hopes to flounder

he pay out of the red. She also expects a profit from Sunday night concerts she holds now even though she has to pay the musicians the union rate to be able to charge admission.

By 10.30 p.m. Tin Pan Galley is beginning to fill and Lucille knows the intermission is over. Two Negro couples move past her office cubicle near the front door, past the Coke machine and into the restaurant. They take a booth beside a middle-aged man and his wife and order hamburgers and coffee. From an open door comes the sound of a solitary drummer beating out a

Continued on page 32

On the top floor Ted Hogan solos as singer Martin Ahvenus reads and clarinetist Jim Lowe ponders.





Is the Capital sombre and dull? Mother thought it was, anyway, and she tried to give it the worldly air of Paris and Vienna. But she didn't reckon on the cops and the climate when she opened

OTTAWA'S FIRST

(AND LAST)

STREETWALK CAFE

IF CANADA'S capital isn't as worldly a city as Paris or Vienna, it isn't my mother's fault. Her crusade against Ottawa's provincialism began with a street restaurant and ended up in court with a public mischief charge. This happened soon after we came to Canada back in 1925, in those happier times when immigrants were known as greenhorns and not refugees.

Our street café was one of a series of wild enterprises conceived by my mother to bolster my father's rather feeble earnings. Her business ideas were always coupled with a driven ambition to turn

BY BEN LAPPIN

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

our store into a kind of informal meeting place for the officials in the various foreign legations then situated in Ottawa. Whenever one of our ventures took its inevitable course, my father would plead with the realism of a man who knew his place in the world, "Our store the nations of the world need to make treaties and plan wars? Please let us open

a grocery?" But his words fell on deaf ears.

The great activity that went on the day we opened our restaurant is still vivid in my mind. It was a sunny July morning, and my younger sister and I filled the street with a scraping noise as we moved the round little tables into their places on the sidewalk. The children from the neighboring houses came running over to find out what all the noise and bustle was about, but we pretended to be too busy to engage in conversation with them. They stood around watching us in silence, and this gave us a tremendous feeling of importance.



When the policeman came, a frantic expression swept over my mother's face. "Tell him we are opening a street café like they have in Vienna," she said.

To my mother, this day was a climax to months of alternate pleas and ultimatums before she finally overcame my father's objections to the notion of a street café. She moved with great enthusiasm between the tables, jiggling them back and forth to make sure they rested solidly on their legs, and as each table passed muster, she'd cover it with a red checkered gingham cloth. Over near the curb, my father struggled ill-naturedly with the two enormous rubber plants which my mother insisted were needed to give the place a leafy effect. Our neighbors, who like us were immigrants, looked on silently from their verandas; they wouldn't venture near us, but gaped with the compulsive interest of people watching some sort of family crisis being enacted in public. After the tables and plants had been put into place, my father went down to the basement to fetch the chairs. Just then a policeman passing our store stopped rather suddenly. As he surveyed the busy scene before him, the children lost no time in removing themselves to their own verandas.

"Are you people moving?" he finally asked my mother, taking out the little black pad and pencil from his breast pocket as though he weren't counting on a satisfactory answer.

A frantic expression swept over my mother's face, but she maintained her composure nicely. Turning to me, she asked in Yiddish, "*Vos vill er?*" ("What does he want?") I told her.

"Tell him we are opening a street café like they have in Vienna," she said to me.

I had just completed my first term at school and my knowledge of English was much more skimpy

than my mother suspected. But it was a matter of great pride for me to keep up a steady flow of conversation when she'd ask me to interpret for her, so that whenever I was stumped for the right words, I'd simply interpolate expressions and even ideas of my own without her being any the wiser for it. As I began to translate it suddenly struck me that I hadn't yet come across the English name for Vienna and, to my dismay, the only cities I could think of at that moment were those with teams in the National Hockey League where the Ottawa Senators, the new idols I had worshipped my first winter in Canada, had won the last scheduled league game from the Boston Bruins. Taking the usual liberties, I told the policeman we were opening a street restaurant just like the ones they have down in Boston.

"Is this your mother?" the constable demanded, looking sternly at me.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Ask her if she has a permit for this . . ." He motioned in the direction of the tables and seemed loath to use the name street restaurant.

Sensing what he was after, my mother ran into the store and came back immediately with the business license. The police officer examined the license carefully.

"Ask her what other permit she has," he said handing the license back to my mother. I told her what he wanted. Looking rather lost she instructed me to repeat what she had said earlier. A second time I told him that we were opening a street café like they have in Boston. The policeman began to write in his little pad at once. "This is Ottawa,"

he said, without looking up from the pad, "not Boston."

After he had finished writing he walked off leisurely. No sooner did the policeman leave than the neighbors, who all this time had remained at a distance, came over to comfort my mother since they were all pretty sure that for some reason or other we had run afoul of the law. When my father came up from the basement he was startled to see the neighbors grouped around my mother.

"What happened here?" he asked, putting down the two chairs he'd brought up. My mother said that we were in trouble, and told him about the incident with the policeman. My father had a ceremonious way of approaching a crisis so that, although he was hardly more than five feet tall, he seemed to tower above everyone in an emergency. "How do you know we are in trouble? Wait until you hear more about this before you start worrying," he said impatiently. Then he called me over. I went to him, followed by the neighbors. "Can you tell us what the policeman said while he was here?" he asked.

I not only repeated what the policeman said, but because I had begun to worry about being exposed in a packed courtroom before a judge and jury I came right out and revealed that I had inserted the name of Boston in place of Vienna while translating for my mother.

"Who gave you permission to use the name Boston?" my father roared.

I tried to argue my way out. "Boston is better known," I said.

This only outraged him. *Continued on page 35*



BY ANNE CLARK

Designer Clark steam-molds the hat that took customer's eye (opposite).

It may resemble a car jack, turn friend into foe, outrage a doting mother—and be all a woman's hat should be. But return it, says this top designer, if it wins solemn male approval, because

A man should laugh at a woman's hat!



Solid gold and a trifle heavy but Egypt's Cleopatra liked it.



Chic damsel-in-distress model favored in King Arthur's time.



A Renaissance pocketbook took a beating for gems on this.

EVEN IN CLEOPATRA'S TIME, HATS WERE MEANT TO RAISE AN EYEBROW



Upside-down fruitbowl styles were quite the thing in 1910.



Try-to-find-me hats were high fashion in Mae West's heyday.



The cloche hat of the flapper typified the madcap Twenties.

WHEN I was an eleven-year-old girl in London, England, I won a trades scholarship at Northwestern Polytechnic School. I was given a choice of subjects. I chose millinery. I hadn't the foggiest idea what it meant.

I gave as my second choice, cookery. When I registered at the school, the head teacher asked, "What do you want to do—make hats or make pies?"

I said I wanted to make hats. I've been making them ever since. I've made and sold millinery in London, in Paris and now in Toronto for Stanley Walkers. I've found that there's a lot more to millinery than making hats.

A hat, to a woman, is more than something to wear. It's an outlook, a philosophy and a treatment. When a woman loses her husband, the first thing she wants, after a period of mourning, is a bright new hat. After an illness, she begins her convalescence with a trip downtown for a new hat. A pregnant woman buys a bright gay hat to forget her heaviness. It's good mental hygiene, and good planning: a bright hat detracts the eye from the body. She can't have a big wardrobe, but she can have all the hats she wants.

A hat is so symbolic and involved with feminine psychology that I sometimes think a milliner should have a degree in psychology. I make sure that every hat that leaves Stanley Walkers is a good one: women talk about each other's hats more than about any other feminine possession except husbands. But it takes all the tricks in the book to discourage some women from buying the wrong hats. If a hat is unbecoming, I whip it off the customer's head before she has a chance to study it. If she insists, I put it back on her head and point out all its faults. I use lighting effects, too, to help her make up her mind to buy the right hat. Dressing-table lamps should throw the light from the side at eye level. Background colors around the table



THE CUSTOMER'S FACE IS LONG AND NARROW AND HER EARS STICK OUT — WHAT KIND OF HAT WILL SUIT MADAME ?

should be neutral or flesh-colored. A mirror light should be low to highlight the hat. Downward light casts shadows under the eyes and nose. Green and yellow lights make the customer look like something out of a murder mystery.

A hat customer is as full of odd bounces as the millinery trade itself, and a milliner has to be as fast on her feet as she is with her fingers to keep up with her. Women ask me to make them look the way they did when they were twenty, blow smoke at me, and get mad when I refuse to sell them unbecoming hats. They scowl at themselves in the mirror. A woman who glares at herself in a gay, frivolous hat as if she hates herself, seems to depress the hat. She certainly depresses me. A hat is like a visit to a doctor: it can do a lot of good, but the patient has to do something for herself.

One thing I've never got used to is the habit of some women of saying, "What am I going to do with my long nose?"

I've never been able to figure out whether I'm supposed to deny that she has a long nose or sympathize with her for having one. Someday I'm going to say, "I don't know what you're going to do with it," and see what happens.

The customer can, of course, do a certain amount of camouflage. If a woman weighs three hundred pounds, she shouldn't add to the impression of circles by wearing a round hat. She should wear a conical one. If she's thin and spiky, she should wear a soft contour hat. A woman with an extra chin, if she can't get rid of it by sleeping without a pillow, can wear a hat with sweeping lines down the side, maybe a bunch of grapes to detract attention. But she'll still have her double chin. I can't help it. I can just help her hide it.

A woman usually lights up a cigarette the minute she starts trying on hats, so that she not only scowls, but scowls through cigarette smoke. Trying hats on a woman in a cloud of cigarette smoke is like trying eyeshades on a faro dealer.

A while ago I made a headdress for a bride. I was proud of it. It was flimsy, ethereal, spiritual. Every time she tried it on after an alteration, she put a cigarette in the corner of her mouth and peered at herself through the smoke as if she'd caught somebody with five aces. She'd turn and discuss it with her mother, still with the cigarette in her mouth. All the time I was trying for just the right virginal effect. It was impossible. I had to ask her not to smoke. Her mother was furious. She said the poor child was bound to be nervous: it was her first wedding.

The label on my hats reads "Original by Anne Clark, London—Paris." I try to make every hat different. But there's no such thing as an exclusive hat. The millinery world is fast, competitive and predatory, and the people who work in it are searching for new ideas twenty-four hours a day.

A woman can go to Paris and pay two hundred and fifty dollars for an exclusive hat. Chances are it won't be exclusive by the time she arrives home. There could be a milliner or buyer on the boat with a camera. In a matter of days, a photograph of the hat would be in a millinery shop for copying, and



MRS. CLARK DECIDES SHE MUST CREATE. SO SHE FASHIONS A STRAW-BRAID



CAP STYLE SET OFF WITH A CHERRY CLUSTER. MADAME IS CHIC, NO ?

soon after that on the assembly line to sell for twenty-five to thirty-five dollars.

Even if the customer happened to run the gauntlet, she might go into a millinery shop to try on another hat and lay her Paris creation on the table. All eyes would be on it. Its good points, its balance, line and blend of color would be noticed immediately. The milliner might pick it up in skilled hands that have a memory of their own. In one place I worked, when a hat like that came into the shop, while the customer was intent on choosing her new hat, the one she wore in was whizzed back into the workroom and gone over like the blueprint of an enemy jet.

An American friend of mine, before accompanying her husband to a convention in Chicago, bought an "exclusive" hat for sixty-nine dollars in San Francisco. She was all set to dazzle the girls. The first day in Chicago, she telephoned a friend and arranged to meet for cocktails. It took three Martinis to get over the shock of the meeting. They were both wearing the same hat. The Chicago friend had bought her "exclusive" model in Dallas.

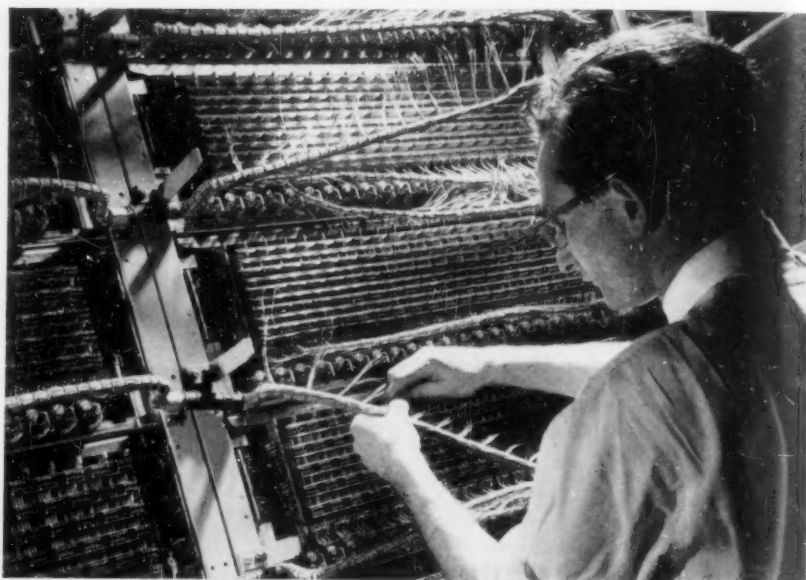
During the convention, just to finish the two girls off completely, they met a third woman wearing the same hat. She'd bought hers in Philadelphia.

An "exclusive" hat is a handmade hat; it isn't unique. A big-name creator of "exclusive" models doesn't get the big name by being exclusive. He gets it by becoming known. He works in his materials until he has an original idea, pins it together and passes it on to the makers. He can keep a staff of girls busy making up hats of his origin. There may be just one of a certain hat in any one city; but the same hat will be selling all over the world. It will reach the millinery trade, where specially trained girls make forty-five dollars a week copying hats from photographs. They hand them down to blockers and finishers who make thirty-five dollars a week. Factories copy hats and turn them out by the thousands, cutting down costs with cheaper materials, machine stitching and other production-line methods. Other factories copy their copies and salesmen take them out in collections of 160 or more all over the country. And so there's every chance in the world

Continued on page 30

"OPERATOR..."

Because we're the world's most talkative people the long-distance girl is ready for any call. She can get you the Palace (if not the Queen), round up a rural fire brigade or track down a long-lost sister in Mexico



New equipment enables LD operators to dial to any home in North America.



One girl easily handled the Bowmanville, Ont., exchange in 1889. Today nine hundred operators work Toronto's Bell Telephone boards (at left).

get me the Queen!"

BY FRANK CROFT

A WOMAN in Montreal dialed a long-distance operator recently to place two calls—one to her son who was living, she thought, in or near Sydney, N.S., and the other to her daughter, believed to be in Bathurst, N.B. A family emergency required that they be in Montreal quickly. The operator was given the last known addresses of the two and told the kind of work they did and the denomination of the church they attended. With this scanty information, the operator went to work.

She soon learned that both the son and daughter had left the Maritimes months earlier. By calling probable places of employment, friends and clergymen she traced them westward until, a little more than an hour from the time the call was placed, she had followed them to Vancouver.

But they were a restless pair. From Vancouver they had turned east again. Their return journey was followed within an hour and both were traced to southern Ontario. There they had parted.

In her cross-country quest the long-distance operator had noted that information about the son had usually been more accurate and easier to get than that on the daughter. So she dropped the girl and concentrated on the boy. His last known lodgings in a town on the shore of Lake Ontario were found—but he was at that moment on the highway heading for Toronto. The operator got a description of his car, and the license number. She called the police. A short time later a highway patrolman stopped the car between Belleville and Toronto.

The brother phoned the operator and told her that his sister might be somewhere in Mexico but that he had not had a line from her in several

months. With that slim lead it was fairly simple for the operator to find the girl in Mexico City.

Less than four hours after an anxious mother had given the operator her sketchy information, both son and daughter had been tracked down and had returned her call.

Most of the long-distance calls Canadians will make this year will be run-of-the-mill conversations. But there is a night-and-day demand on the LD operators for everything from saving lives and property to finding the lost and the strayed. When disaster strikes a community they sit for hours at switchboards glowing like the embers of a bonfire, handling thousands of calls from anxious friends and relatives in distant places. They save lives by relaying medical advice to isolated places. They round up rural fire brigades when small towns are threatened. And they deal diplomatically with convivial souls who have a sudden urge to call up and chat with the Queen, the Pope, or the Grand Lama of Tibet.

The operator at Missonga, in northern Ontario, heard a railway worker telling her excitedly that he had just fished a small boy out of the lake but he didn't know how to apply artificial respiration. He was calling from the station waiting room. "Keep calm," the operator replied. "I'll get Dr. Martin in Hornepayne. He'll tell you what to do." "Hornepayne! That's more than a hundred miles away!" the man yelled. "I didn't say I'd fetch him; I said I'd get him—on the line," she replied. The doctor was speaking to the rescuer within seconds. Half an hour later the youngster was sitting up.

"You're all right now," the doctor concluded. "Just wrap him in the blanket, give him some hot tea and carry him home." As the railway man turned from the phone a woman living nearby entered the station with a thermos in one hand and a blanket in the other. "How did you know we'd want those things?" the man asked. "The operator told me. I guess she heard the doctor tell you they'd



Queen Elizabeth (then Princess) often called home from Royal Train during her 1951 Canadian tour.

be needed if you brought Freddy around, so she called me and told me to drop over here right away and bring them along."

There is a lucky boy of fifteen alive today in the Cape Rich area, thirty miles north of Meaford, Ont., because of the long-distance phone. The entire township had been cut off by a driving snow storm the night the Johnson boy was born. When Dr. A. S. Eagles of Meaford found he could not get within twenty miles of the place he phoned instructions to Mrs. Kingston, a neighbor, who had looked in at the Johnsons' in case she could be of help. She helped all right. The line was kept open while Mrs. Kingston reported progress and Dr. Eagles gave instructions. It all went without a hitch. "Six pounds and squawking like anything," was Mrs. Kingston's final report.

Perhaps Canadians put the telephone to such unconventional uses because of their easy familiarity with the instrument. When it comes to using the phone, we are the most talkative people on earth. We make an average of 411 calls a year, both local and long distance. Although the Americans are supposed to be a garrulous lot, they take second place with 385. The tight-lipped British make only 72.

More than thirty-one hundred Canadian telephone systems, either privately or publicly owned, maintain four hundred thousand miles of wire in a country-wide mesh which allows every phone user to call any other subscriber in the country as well as any subscriber in one hundred and thirteen other countries, districts and territories. Fifty-three percent of LD calls placed by Canadians are from business firms or professional people. Cities are proportionately heavier users of long distance than rural areas. Who gets most of these hurry-up calls? Mostly other Canadians, but of the 135 million LD calls we'll make this year about seven million will be to the U. S., 175 thousand to Britain and twenty thousand to other countries.

Operators may sometimes suspect that, besides the fifty-odd trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific calls completed daily, another fifty are attempted by assorted jokers, drunks and crackpots. It's not always easy to distinguish between a legitimate call and a phony.

One evening last April an operator at one of the Bell Telephone Company's Montreal switchboards was asked to get Buckingham Palace, the Kremlin and the Vatican in whatever order the circuits might be available. But the voice was a little too solemn and the background noises of tinkling glasses and laughter were a giveaway. An operator is obliged to try to get any party anywhere asked for from any phone. But she is also allowed to use her own discretion. In this case she stalled by making periodic reports of busy circuits, refusals to talk by the parties "answering" and anything else she could think of. The caller Continued on next page



In 1953 a tornado hit the Sarnia telephone office, cracking roof and floor and smashing windows. Nine girls were injured but worked on handling distress calls while off-duty girls climbed over debris to help.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Eleanor Parker plays Marjorie Lawrence's role in opera, *Samson and Delilah*.

BEST BET

INTERRUPTED MELODY: An aria-crammed, eye-filling and ear-filling widescreen biography of soprano Marjorie Lawrence, the plucky Australian thrush who didn't let polio and partial paralysis prevent her from returning to the Met. Her career clashes with her physician husband (Glenn Ford) are less operatic than soap-operatic but the singer's struggles against suicidal despair are dramatized with honesty and power. Eileen Farrell's voice and Eleanor Parker's acting creditably impersonate Miss Lawrence.

DADDY LONG LEGS: Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron are delightful, both singly and jointly, in this over-long and over-silly musical. Some of the song-and-dance numbers are top grade.

MARTY: Television has given Hollywood an uncommonly fine human story about a butcher and a schoolteacher (Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair) whose awkward romance is so much like real life that you feel you are eavesdropping on their conversations.

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE: Hollywood's primeval Gill Man, the most urgent sturgeon in erotic history, chases Lori Nelson and panics the people in this preposterous, mildly amusing fantasy.

STRANGE LADY IN TOWN: Greer Garson and Dana Andrews are rival doctors in a frontier community. A slow big-budget western. Rating: fair.

UNCHAINED: Independent film-maker Hall Bartlett's dramatic tribute to California's famed prison-without-bars at Chino. It's a quiet but intense story, nicely free of celluloid's Big House clichés. Recommended.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

As Long As They're Happy: British domestic farce. Fair.

Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense. Good.

Bamboo Prison: Spy drama. Poor.

Battle Cry: War and sex. Fair.

Bedevilled: Drama. Fair.

The Big Combo: Crime drama. Poor.

Blackboard Jungle: Drama. Good.

Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.

Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.

Bridges at Toko-Ri: War. Excellent.

Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.

Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.

Chance Meeting: Drama. Good.

Chief Crazy Horse: Action. Fair.

Conquest of Space: Science fiction. Fair.

The Country Girl: Drama. Excellent.

Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.

Day of Triumph: Drama of Saviour's life and resurrection. Excellent.

The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.

Down Three Dark Streets: Crime. Good.

East of Eden: Drama. Good.

End of the Affair: Drama. Fair.

The Eternal Sea: Navy drama. Fair.

For Better, For Worse: Comedy. Good.

Gate of Hell: Japanese medieval drama. Excellent.

The Glass Slipper: Romance. Good.

Heartbreak Ridge: War. Good.

It Came From Beneath the Sea: Science-fiction. Poor.

Jump Into Hell: War. Poor.

Kiss Me Deadly: Sex-and-slaughter melodrama. Fair — for adults.

A Life in the Balance: Suspense. Fair.

Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.

Mad About Men: Mermaid farce. Fair.

A Man Called Peter: Drama. Excellent.

The Man Who Loved Redheads: British romantic comedy. Fair.

Man Without a Star: Western. Good.

New York Confidential: Crime. Good.

The Other Woman: Sexy drama. Fair.

Prince of Players: Drama. Good.

The Prodigal: Semi-Biblical. Poor.

The Racers: Speed-track drama. Fair.

Run for Cover: Western. Good.

The 7 Little Foys: Show-business biog-comedy. Fair.

Simba: African drama. Good.

Six Bridges to Cross: Crime. Good.

Strategic Air Command: VistaVision aviation drama. Good.

This Island Earth: Planet drama. Good.

Three Cases of Murder: Whodunits. Fair.

Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.

The Wages of Fear: Suspense. Sordid but fascinating.

Wayward Wife: Italian drama. Fair.

finally gave up. He phoned his apologies to the chief operator next morning.

While that hanky-panky was going on, another call came in to the same switchboard, asking for Queen Salote of Tonga, in the Pacific's Friendly Islands—"or one of her cabinet ministers." The caller spoke with a strange accent, but he sounded sober and responsible so the operator did her best. After trying to route the call by way of Oakland, Calif., through which all calls to the Pacific and Far East are funneled, then New York and finally London, she was told that there was no such thing as a telephone on Tonga. She reported back. Her party admitted that there had been no phones on the island when he was growing up, but he had thought some might have been installed since then. He thanked her for the service, asked her number and the next day sent her a beautiful jewelry box.

Hollywood is a favorite target of the nuisance caller. "A lot of them are placed by kids who are hard to discourage," a Toronto operator told me. "We place the calls, of course, but I don't think the top stars ever come to the phone for a stranger. We can't listen to calls but subscribers often call us back to say that they argued with the star's secretary or servant for four or five minutes. 'I've seen Gregory Peck in all his pictures—why can't they let me say hello to him?' or, 'I must speak to Jean Simmons—I love her.' That sort of stuff."

A startled subscriber in Canada got through to Frank Sinatra's secretary in New York some time ago through a mix-up which showed that even long-distance operators can goof. A French-speaking subscriber was calling a number in Cincinnati. He gave a name that sounded to the operator like Saint Sinatra. Ignoring the Saint part of it, she promptly got through to New York; the Cincinnati number was thrust aside while she efficiently completed the connection to the crooner's apartment.

And then there was the time recently when an Ottawa operator tried to find a "Seedy" Howe in that city—before it dawned on her that the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, was wanted. There are also some reports of operators asking if a party might "be reached at another number" when told that the person being called has died. It's the automatic question asked when a subscriber is not immediately available and almost becomes a conditioned reflex.

Places with similar-sounding names can cause confusion. An undertaker in Montreal asked to be put through to the parish priest of St. Hugues, a Quebec village. He wanted to tell the priest that a native of the village, who had lived most of his life in Montreal, had died and his family wanted to have him buried in the old St. Hugues churchyard. The operator routed the call to St. Jutes. Two days later the body arrived, quite unexpected, at St. Hugues while at St. Jutes a grave had been dug and a priest was standing by to perform the funeral service.

But if operators sometimes have subscribers muttering to themselves, there is a sizeable and persistent group of people who tax the operators' tact and courtesy. They are the ones who try to put a dying drinking party on its feet by calling up Nehru of India, Bulganin of Russia or Eisenhower in Washington. There is also a smaller number of callers who ask for the big names and then betray themselves by telling the operator just why they want the call placed—it's always to "be of help." When Stalin was alive there was a persistent caller in western Canada who explained that he wanted to talk

to Stalin and tell him just how the democracies felt about Russia. He claimed that if the Russian people were being given a false version of what Western leaders said and thought, it must be that the Russian leaders were also in the dark—otherwise they would tell their people the truth. A ten-minute talk with Joe would straighten everything out.

A woman in British Columbia tried several times to get through to Princess Margaret when the Princess was reportedly having a difficult time reaching a decision about marrying. "I know how the poor child feels," the B. C. woman would tell the operators, "and I know just the advice she needs. It will help her." When she was gently discouraged, she switched to Churchill. It wasn't until after a fruitless attempt to reach the Archbishop of Canterbury that the woman called it quits.

Then there is the character who does most of his long-distance phoning from other people's phones and doesn't bother to tell them about it. A subscriber is obliged by law to pay for all calls made from his phone. Occasionally though a party will flatly refuse to pay for calls that he knows have been made by outsiders and without his knowledge or consent.

Guest Calls, Host Pays

A man in Calgary disputed (but paid) his toll charges for three months in a row. He began to investigate. He and his wife were fond of entertaining and it dawned on him that the mysterious calls were always made on evenings when they were giving parties. The next time they had people in, he watched his guests closely. When one man remained upstairs unnecessarily long, his host quietly mounted the stairs. From the landing he could hear a voice drifting faintly from the room containing the extension phone. He tiptoed to the door and listened to the tail end of a conversation between his guest and some far-flung pal. That call over, the guest lifted the receiver again, put the operator on the trail of one of his old schoolteachers in Regina, and spent a mellow ten minutes asking after her health and assuring her that she was still an inspiration in his struggle for existence. As he was leaving that night his host pressed the disputed toll charges into his hand. The victimized host is still waiting to be reimbursed.

The telephone company was having difficulties with a Swedish resident of eastern Ontario who called his brother in Stockholm every once in a while. He would talk for twenty minutes to half an hour, so the bills were high. When he received a bill he would storm into the telephone office, become violently rude and refuse to pay. He claimed he never made the calls. Some sleuthing by the company revealed that he was making the calls all right, but only when thoroughly drunk. When he sobered up he could remember nothing about them. The next time he placed a call for Stockholm, the manager immediately sent a messenger to his home with the bill—and the bills that were in arrears. The customer paid up quite cheerfully. He still calls his brother and still pays without a murmur—if the charges are presented before he has sobered up.

Most big city newspapers find the long-distance phone an effective tool in gathering front-page copy. The Toronto Star is perhaps the most spectacular user of the service. A typical Star gambit was made during the early days of World War II when reporter Paul Morton was handed a list of what the editors considered to be the ten most important men, excluding the



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snapshot camera ever made. It's



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not only stronger but also permits
complete absorbency. The special
weave is always open and free, ad-
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stay dry—can't chafe).

Only Kotex has this *extra soft, extra*
safe covering. And only Kotex® has
tapered ends...retains its shape and
comfort for hours.



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stretch elastic—strong, light-weight,
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even after many washings. Dries
quickly. (Why not buy two—for
alternate use?)

*Reg. trade mark.



Three women cried, a man said "Humph," as a 6,000-mile phone call made history

President, in the United States. He
was to ask for their opinions on the
possibility of the U. S. giving material
aid to the Allies. "I got through to
most of them," Morton recalls, "and
nearly all took the time right on the
spot to discuss the matter with me and
come up with a good solid opinion.
There is something compelling about a
long-distance call."

The conference call is popular with
business firms that have branches and
sales offices scattered across the coun-
try. Such a call connects all offices so
that local executives may talk with the
home-office brass, and with each other,
on the present state of the sales charts
and what should be done about it.

Even the Operator Wept

Nearly twenty years ago a man in
Montreal organized what might be
described as a conference call when he
asked the operator to get his mother in
Prince Albert, Sask., and her sister in
Edinburgh; and he wanted to sit in and
make it a three-way conversation. The
sisters had not met for thirty years.
The operator, now a chief operator in
the Bell Telephone Company overseas
division in Montreal, recalls the mo-
mentous hookup like this: "We con-
nected mother and son first, then went
after the sister in Scotland. I had to
listen in because in those days atmos-
pheric disturbances sometimes inter-
rupted overseas conversations and we
could only charge for time of actual
conversation. Well, the sisters barely
said hello to each other when both
broke down and cried. It wasn't many
seconds before I was crying too. And

there was the poor man who had hoped
to give his mother and aunt such a
treat, listening to three women blub-
bering over six thousand miles of
telephone hookup. They finally sobbed
their good-bys, promised to write, and
hung up. I wiped my eyes and blew
my nose and told the man his parties
had left the line. He said, 'Humph,'
and hung up too."

There's no time for switchboard
sentiment, though, when an emergency
call goes through. Then the operator
must work coolly and at top speed and
in many cases must be a better-than-
average detective into the bargain. In
Montreal last spring a woman called
the long-distance operator with this
story: her mother was seriously ill and
her brother was at that moment on his
way through the U. S. to her bedside.
He had phoned half an hour previously
to report that he would put up at
Albany, N.Y., for the night and come
on to Montreal next day. He hadn't
said where he was staying in Albany.
Meanwhile, the mother had taken a
turn for the worse and the doctor had
suggested the family be gathered as
quickly as possible. But how were they
to find the brother in a city the size of
Albany? The Montreal operator called
the chief operator in Albany and asked
her to check her toll tickets (the small
slips on which the operators record the
particulars of LD calls) for a call to the
woman's number half an hour pre-
viously. It was quickly found. The
brother had called from a motel. He
was talking with his sister again within
five minutes and in another few min-
utes he was started on his all-night drive
to the deathbed.



When the Poles Went Up on Main Street

Workers string long-distance wires through Newmarket, Ont., in
1906. First LD circuit linked Hamilton and Dundas, Ont., in 1879.

In Quebec City recently a grandfather called the operator and told her that his grandson must undergo an emergency operation but that under Quebec law the doctors couldn't operate without the father's consent and the father had left that day by train for a northern lumber camp. The old man told the operator when his son had left and on which railway. She made a stab at a rail station she knew to be about ninety miles up the line. The train had pulled out a few minutes previously. The station master told her where the train should be at that moment. She called the station which the train was approaching. The father was paged, hurried to the phone and spoke to the hospital in time to save his son's life.

There are about twenty-five thousand long-distance operators in Canada. Qualifications, wages and hours of work vary from company to company. A grade-ten education is usually the minimum requirement. The girls receive initial training in switchboard operation for two to five weeks, and for upwards of a year thereafter their course of instruction is periodically continued. Salaries vary widely, depending on whether an operator is in a rural or urban centre, which part of the country she is in, and whether the company is large or small. The Ontario and Quebec standard of thirty-five dollars a week to start, increasing to fifty dollars after four or five years, is tops in Canada.

They Work Through Disaster

Operators have often shown that they have a strong sense of loyalty to the job. When a major disaster strikes a town, off-duty long-distance operators know they will be needed and report in; they seldom have to be called. Scores of them showed up at Toronto exchanges last year when the first bulletins on Hurricane Hazel were broadcast. It was the same in Winnipeg in 1950 when the Red River flooded large areas of the city. The Bell Telephone Company's central exchange in Sarnia, Ont., was directly in the path of the tornado which leveled much of the city in 1953. Twelve long-distance operators were at the switchboard and five were in an adjoining lounge preparing to go on duty when the twister slammed into the building like a blockbuster. Thirty windows were blown in, the ceiling of the switchboard room cracked and sagged and the floor was covered with broken glass and plaster fragments. Nine operators received cuts and bruises that required first-aid treatment—but they stayed on the job, handling frantic calls from people seeking news of relatives and friends. Meanwhile, off-duty operators were struggling to the building through the debris of wrecked shops and houses. None had been called but all were needed.

Long-distance telephoning is just about as old as the telephone itself. In 1876 Alexander Graham Bell was making calls of three to eight miles on experimental lines strung from his summer home near Brantford, Ont., to the telegraph office in Brantford, and to Paris, Ont. That was only five months after he had successfully transmitted by wire the first clearly spoken sentence in his Boston laboratory. In May 1879, the first commercial long-distance line in Canada was strung between Hamilton and the town of Dundas,

a distance of five miles.

No one is quite sure but it's believed that the first long-distance call in Canada, on which there was a toll charge, was placed from the offices of the Hamilton Spectator when the editor called his Dundas correspondent to assign him to a political meeting. In 1877 a Glace Bay mine owner, G. C. Hubbard, had his coal mines wired for phone so he could talk from his office with the mine foremen below ground. At the other end of the country the Victoria and Esquimalt Telephone Company was formed in 1880, although three phones had been in operation in Victoria the year before. Winnipeg had its first phone in 1881 and the following year Manitoba boasted one of the most ambitious long-distance circuits in the world when Winnipeg hooked up with Brandon and Portage la Prairie. From then on the development of the service in Canada was rapid. By 1885 there were more than three thousand miles of long-distance wire in Canada and five years later there was twice that amount.

In southern Ontario this summer the first step was taken in a continent-wide development that eventually will allow a customer using a dial phone anywhere to dial directly to any other dial phone in North America without the help of an operator. Right now, to place a long-distance call in the Ontario area (and several zones in the U. S.) it is necessary to call the operator first; instead of calling a second operator at the place being called, she dials from her switchboard directly to the party you are after—and she does that much only because mechanical accounting equipment to compute charges has not yet been installed at the exchanges and so she must keep tabs on the duration of the call so the subscriber may be billed accordingly. When the new system is perfected—and that will be within a year—callers will be mechanically connected and the length of conversations and the charges electronically recorded. It is planned to have the more than fifty million phones on this continent on a direct dialing system within five to six years.

North America has been divided, for LD purposes, into about one hundred "numbering plan areas," each with a three-digit code number. Los Angeles is in numbering plan area 415. The Manitoba area is 204. When all areas are on the new system, a subscriber in Winnipeg wishing to call Los Angeles will lift his receiver and first dial the numbers 415. That will automatically put him through to the whole southwestern California area. Next, he will dial the Los Angeles number he wants, just as he would when making a local call in Winnipeg. And the connection is complete. When dialing a long-distance call within your area, the three-digit code number will not be used. Halifax is 902 in the numbering plan, but a party in Halifax calling a number in Moncton, N.B., also in 902, will merely dial the Moncton number, and get his party.

But all this doesn't mean the passing of the long-distance operator. Although the great majority of long-distance callers today know the numbers of the parties they want in other communities, an operator is needed and she'll continue to be needed with the new system, to enquire from "information" for the unknown numbers. She will be needed for person-to-person and for collect calls. And she will always be needed in times of disaster, to find people away from their home phones at the time of an emergency call, and for any other of a dozen services that would leave the new copper-brained prodigies helplessly wringing their electronic hands. ★



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People in every province
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success story. It's taking
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This big auto maker
is pouring \$50,000,000
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running a double shift
as it booms ahead into
its biggest year ever.

Seems like *everybody* is sharing the jackpot in one of Canada's biggest success stories!

For one thing, thousands of new jobs are brightening the economic picture. Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, has added more than 3,500 people to its payroll! "We're running our plants on a double shift," explains Mr. E. C. Row, President of Chrysler of Canada, "because sales of Chrysler, Plymouth, Dodge, and DeSoto cars are setting a pace that's unequalled in our history."

Countless additional jobs have been created, too, by one of the most ambitious construction programmes in the nation. The building of seven new Chrysler plants and additions is good news not only to building trades workers, but also to steel, cement, and many other supplier industries.

Purchases of raw materials are also at an all-time peak. Chrysler officials expect to spend well over \$100,000,000 this year for automotive parts, tires, steel, upholstery, enamel, and all sorts of other products necessary to operate the huge Chrysler plants. These dollars are finding their way into the pockets of suppliers and their employees from coast to coast in Canada.

No wonder the big Canadian auto maker claims that "The Forward Look" is far more than a name for its new approach to styling. Talk to anyone at Chrysler, and you find that "looking forward" is also the basic business philosophy—the spirit you sense throughout the company. With that kind of viewpoint it's not surprising that the outlook is so bright!



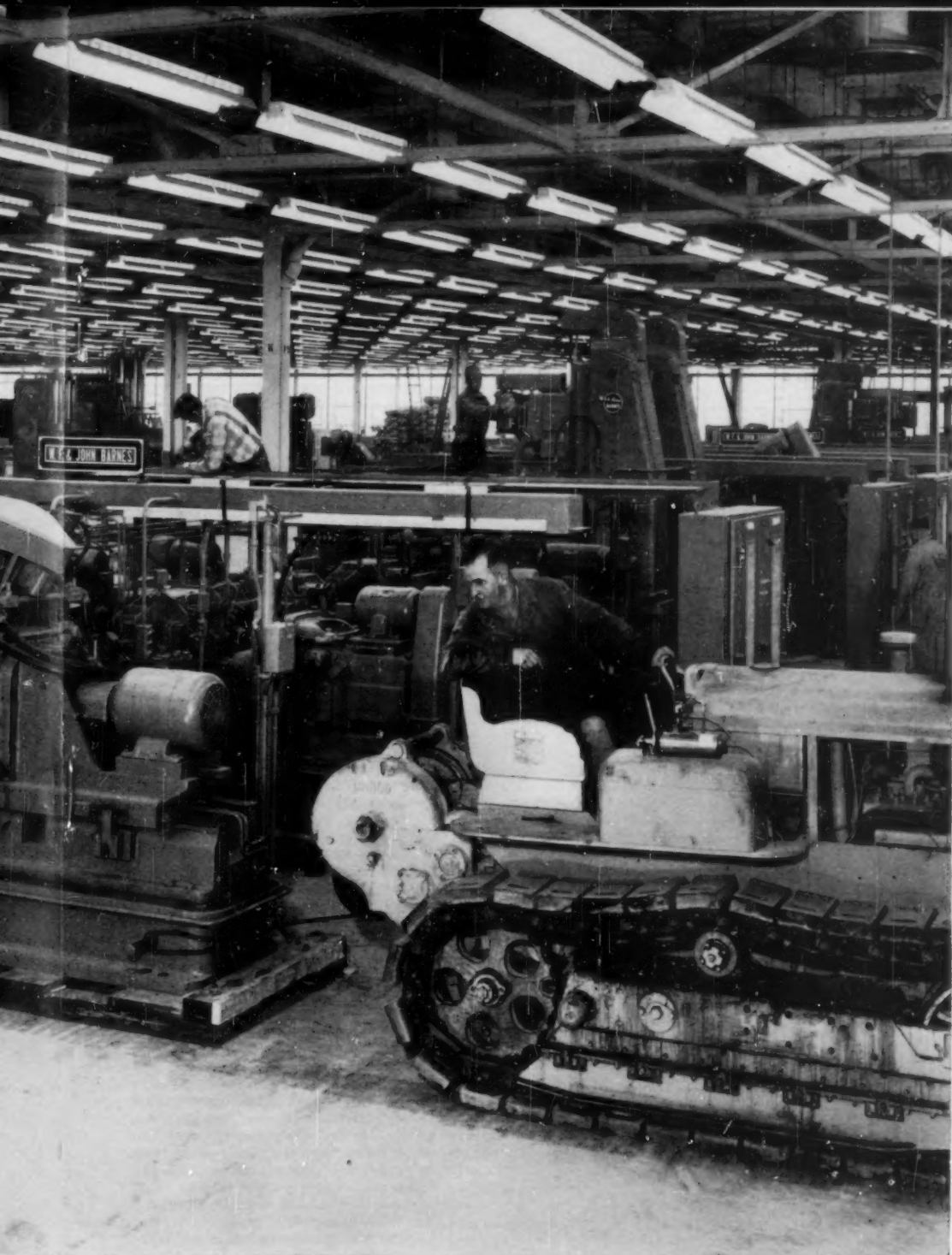
Most modern engine plant in the world is a vital part of the huge Chrysler expansion programme.



People all over Canada in many different industries are benefiting from the increased purchases of raw

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The photograph above shows new precision machines going into place. Just those pictured represent an investment of a quarter of a million dollars! Production continues in other parts of the vast building.



Things are happening at the huge Windsor, Ontario, plant of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited. New manufacturing and handling facilities are being built. Existing plants are being expanded. For instance, there's a new addition being added to the engine plant (1). Cost of this up-to-the-minute construction and equipment will amount to more than \$21,000,000!

In addition, the passenger car plant is being enlarged (2 and 3). Not shown are provisions being made for increased capacity in the loading building, transport garage, experimental engineering building, power plant, and transport drive-away.

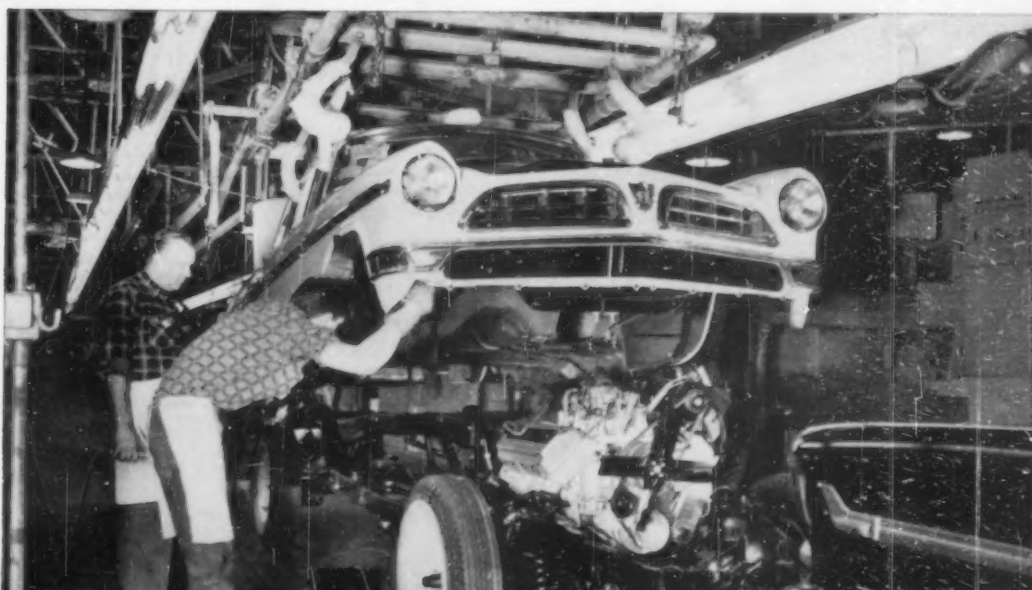
*A progress report by
Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited*



ustries
of raw

materials. From the farmer to the steel worker, all feel the stimulus of Chrysler's \$100,000,000 buying programme.

▼ Miles of conveyors carry parts to the right spot at the right instant. Here a body is lowered onto the chassis. In another 45 minutes, the finished car will come off the line.



A Man Should Laugh At a Woman's Hat!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

that a woman may meet her "exclusive" hat anywhere—and get mad at her milliner when she does.

A customer often makes wry jokes about the fifty-dollar hat that contains five dollars worth of material—leaving out of her addition the milliner's time. Labor costs are higher on cheap ma-

terials. Good fur felt can be blocked with a light touch, worked easily with medium steam. Cheap wool felt often takes almost the brawn of a man to shape it. On the one hat, the customer pays proportionately more for the goods; on the other, for the labor.

Women are a bit like the Irishman who said it's a nice day, let's start a war. They phone their girl friends and say it's a nice day, let's go downtown and try on hats. It's a bit like a war at that. Women automatically become rivals the minute they get within fitting distance of a hat. It's instinctive.

A woman should never bring her best friend along with her when she's buying a hat. As fast as we put really good-looking hats on her, her best friend says, "My dear, it doesn't do a thing for you."

She'll keep it up till she sees something on her best friend that looks like nothing on earth, then give her an okay. We always try to get the best friend interested in something at the other end of the store. Daughters shouldn't bring their mothers along, either, when they're buying a hat. Mothers still think of their daughters in

pigtails, no matter what their age. They just keep saying, "It's too old for you, dear."

Some women find deciding on a hat a nerve-racking event. One of my customers comes in at one in the afternoon with a bag full of gloves, scarves and jewelry. She also brings in one or two suits. She wants one hat to match everything. About the only thing that matches by the time her husband picks her up at five is the state of our nerves.

The same woman occasionally wakes up in the middle of the night with an idea for a hat, gets a piece of fabric and sits there at three in the morning, working by the light of her bed lamp until she gets an idea she likes. Then she brings it in to me the next day and asks me to make it up. I'd like to be able to say that in spite of all this she has terrible taste, and point up some sort of a moral. As a matter of fact, she's one of the best-dressed women I know.

Women probably play Peter Pan longer with hats than with any other item of wardrobe. They find a style that suits them in the early Twenties and are still trying to retain it through the mid-Fifties. It can't be done. That's one of the reasons why I don't carry bonnets, or very feminine *frou frou* hats. On the young they look too young, and on the middle-aged they look like mutton done up to look like lamb.

But it's a difficult job to talk some women out of trying to turn back the years. One woman brought in a snapshot of herself taken on her honeymoon at Niagara Falls in 1927 and said simply, "I want to look like that."

Women will often ruin an expensive suit by tossing a cheap hat on their heads. One woman came to me after buying a six-thousand-dollar mink coat and bought a ten-dollar hat to wear with it.

In fact the attitude of the customer toward the price of hats is something that often baffles the milliner. For instance women will pay more in the fall for a hat than they will in the spring. Don't ask me why. Something in the air, perhaps. They will pay twenty-five to thirty-five dollars for a fall hat but they kick if they're asked to pay fifteen to twenty dollars for a straw—the hat that comes in with the spring, the time of frivolity and high spirits! The higher their spirits go, the lower the price they want to pay. In all seasons they usually ask the price of a hat before they try it on.

Men who shop with their wives for hats either have to have the last word or they take no interest at all. I don't know which is worse. Too often, a man who helps his wife choose a hat seems to make his decisions on the basis that anything more chic than an apron should be on someone else's wife, not his. He loves extreme hats—on other women.

A husband shouldn't regard a woman's hat shop as enemy territory in which he can retain his manly status only by expressing himself with grunts, groans and choleric outbursts. He can safely inform himself about women's hats and how they should be worn, without damaging his standing down at the club. And he should; he can be of real help to his wife in picking a hat that suits her. He'll help avoid frayed nerves all around. He'll even find that he likes playing the role of expert. Here are some tips he can use:

- He should remind his wife to keep thinking of her over-all appearance at all times, instead of just concentrating on what perches on her head. For instance, if his wife is tall, she shouldn't wear a light hat; it catches the eye and draws attention to her height.

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The Competition attracted 661 entries from 17 different countries—the largest response ever accorded a competition of this kind anywhere in the world.

A distinguished jury selected the design illustrated as the best Canadian entry in the Competition.



Model of plan submitted by Geoffrey E. Hacker, Winnipeg Man., winner of the Calvert House Canadian Award.

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● He should see that his wife never decides on a hat while sitting in front of a table mirror. In that position, she only sees herself from the bust up. She may look gorgeous. But if she's a little woman, when she stands up she may look as if she's standing under a beach umbrella. And if she's a tall girl, when she brings all those yards of long legs out from under the dressing table and stands up, with that hat perched up there she'll look like she's kidding.

● Finally, he should insist that she get a back view of her choice before deciding to buy, because as many people will be seeing that hat from the back as from the front. Women with the right idea come in and ask the clerk for church hats. These are hats that look good from behind.

When a woman takes a hat home for her husband's approval it often comes back. But when he picks one out and takes it home to his wife it never comes back. I often wonder how many get worn.

Short men always want to see their wives in shallow hats whether it suits them or not. One girl I knew bought a hat with a big bow on the back. Her

Point of View

I sit and steam and wish him dead
That honker behind, when the light
is red.
But just as bad, when the light is
green
Is the guy out in front, surveying the
scene!

MAUDE RUBIN

husband thought it was a personal insult as it added to her height. So we made the bow detachable. When she goes out with her girl friend she uses the bow. When she goes out with her husband, she detaches it and snaps on a flat trimming.

Artist husbands sit there sizing their wives up between thumbs and fingers and explaining that the hat should be a frame for the face.

One man who drove us almost mad was an aeronautical engineer. He used to sprawl on his spine, looking at his wife as if she were a diagram for a new aileron, saying, "A millimetre to the right, dear. A millimetre to the left."

For all that, I'd rather have a husband who thinks his wife's hat should be moved over a millimetre than one who won't even look, for at least he's interested. Women often tell me, "When my husband saw it he burst out laughing."

"That's wonderful," I tell them. "He's still looking at you."

We like men to make jokes about their wives' hats. We've heard them all—about fried eggs, tire irons, car jacks and inverted salad bowls. A woman should never take offense when a man makes a joke about her hat. As long as he's making fun of it, he's noticing it. It's when he stops noticing what she's wearing that it's time for her to get worried. If a woman's husband doesn't laugh at her hat, she should take it back. It's no good to her. It might as well be an apron. He doesn't see it. As long as a man notices what a woman wears, she's winning. It's when he stops that it's time to worry.

One man I'll never forget brought in a pheasant he'd shot and wanted me to make up a nice hat for his wife. He hadn't even skinned it. It was full of maggots and had been soaking wet. He'd dried it out in a barbecue pit.

Feathers on women's hats cause a lot of trouble between women and men.

It maddens a man to have a long feather tickling his ear when he's driving, or pointing at him accusingly across a cocktail table every time he orders another drink.

But it doesn't madden the men nearly as much as the men madden us. One man who comes into our shop just keeps swinging a key chain, looking out the window, and every time his wife asks him his opinion, he says, "If you like it, Sis, buy it."

Some men stand outside the window pretending that they aren't looking but all the time taking peeks. Their wives go to the window, point at the hats and make hopeful nods. Their husbands look at them bleakly, without giving a sign. I wish this type would come inside and fight like a man. I can't sell them through a plate-glass window, although I'd like to try sometimes—with a brick.

By and large, the only thing I can say for having a husband around during a sale is that we generally sell better-quality hats that way. The men don't want to look cheap. We often sell more hats when a husband is around, too. He gets so bored and restless that all we have to do is get the choice down to two hats and rather than give the matter any thought he tells his wife to take them both.

There's something essentially whimsical about a woman's hat. I worked for a while after World War II with Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner. An order would come in from the royal family for hats for the two Princesses. Two hats to go with two specific outfits. Two suits, perhaps. We'd phone the Queen's dressmaker, get exact descriptions of the style and shades of the suits. We'd make up the hats, send them in and watch for the first newspaper pictures of our specially designed hats. When the paper came out Margaret would be wearing Elizabeth's hat and Elizabeth wearing Margaret's.

When war broke out I was working with a milliner in London's Bond Street. I became increasingly aware, as the bombs began to drop, that I should get into something more practical than making ladies' hats. When a shipment of hats I'd worked on for Saks Fifth Avenue in New York was torpedoed at sea and lost, I made up my mind to do something about it, and joined the Army Territorial Services. In the mysterious manner of the military, as soon as they found that I was a milliner they put me in a motorcycle unit. I became a pretty good motor mechanic. But for all that, I think I performed just as valuable a service when, before demobilization, I gave a course in millinery as a morale builder. Some of the girls were feeling pretty unfeminine before the war ended. We made hats from bed sheeting from the quartermaster's stores. We starched and wired the sheeting for picture hats, draped it for turbans, cut it for cloche brims, stitched it for casual wear. But whatever they were made from, when they were finished they were hats—women's hats—made, as close as we could come to it, to suit each girl's own personality. And that is really the essence of a good hat.

This is a muddy season for hats, all because the hairdressers can't make up their minds whether women are going to have long or short hair. Styles, which are governed by clothes, by hair styles and by the top milliners themselves, haven't changed very much in the last ten years, but right now anything can happen. We're showing deeper turbans for women who want long hair, shallower turbans for those who like short hair, and who will win nobody knows. It's anybody's guess. But when it comes to women and hats, what isn't? ★



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Canada's Noisiest Boardinghouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

rhythm in one of the two basement studios. From upstairs comes the piping of a soprano flying through an aria from Carmen.

"Bee-dyup-de-ap-dup . . ." hums a tall young Negro who strides in carrying a cane.

"Hey, Dougie," says the middle-

aged man, "where ya giggin' these days?"

"Just jobbin' around, man," Doug Thomson answers vaguely, meaning he hasn't had many jobs lately. He is a bass player first, a pianist second. As a bass player he prides himself on having accompanied trombonist Jack Teagarden at a Melody Mill jam session last winter. His piano playing is something of a local joke; he prefers to play while standing up and his exuberance has left the battered basement upright with several broken hammers. He is totally blind.

"Blowin' tonight?" asks one of the Negro girls.

"Later, man," says Dougie. "Got to meet my chick."

Down a flight of wooden stairs in the dimly lit basement studio, the solo drummer pauses to wipe away the sweat that glistens on his forehead. He, too, is colored—a slim, young man named Chester Leonard. He gave up his drums several years ago to become a professional dancer but he still likes to return occasionally to his first love. For a few moments there is nothing but the buzz of conversation from up-

stairs; then a young man in a business suit comes downstairs. He throws off his suitcoat and sits down at the piano. His fingers move knowledgeably along the keyboard—simple chords first, then an involved melodic line. He swings into Sweet Lorraine and Leonard picks up his brushes and rasps out a beat.

In her office up the hallway from Tin Pan Galley, oblivious to the music, Lucille sits placidly at a mimeographing machine, grinding out a ten-page price list for a Toronto brush company. Her mimeographing earns her six or seven dollars a week, but it is more than just a business sideline: to Lucille it's a release, a link with the outside world.

Most of her house guests are perfectly normal but others stoutly refuse to conform. Before accepting unpredictable Herby Spanier, a Regina-born trumpet player, Lucille extracted from him a solemn promise that he wouldn't "flip"—that is, wouldn't give way to temperament. Except for a quaint penchant for cutting loose with his horn at curious times and in curious places—in crowded streetcars, for example, and with his feet dangling in the icy waters of Lake Ontario on a bitter-cold winter night—Herby managed well for a time. Then one night during a jam session he suddenly hurled his trumpet across the basement. It was some time before Lucille was able to ferret out the reason. It seemed the pianist had been having trouble with his girl friend, was in a bad mood and wasn't playing up to his usual standard—an unforgivable sin in Herby's book and ample justification for flipping.

"Who's Blowin' Tonight?"

It's 1.30 a.m. now and the musicians who have been out on playing dates begin to drift back to Melody Mill. Most of Jarvis Street has packed it up for the night. A few drunks lurch along the sidewalk, their big night over for another week. Even the streetwalkers are heading home. But at Melody Mill the crowd has thickened. In a lounge near the front door, still in the dark suits they wore to work, a small group of musicians relax over cigarettes.

"One more Mickey Mouse job," mutters twenty-three-year-old Dave Hammer, "and I'll flip . . ." By this he means he's tired of playing polite dance music with hotel orchestras. " . . . Played four-four all night. Nothing but polkas . . ."

"Vocal groups," he spits the words. "All they want these days is vocal groups. If they were good vocal groups I could understand. But they're not."

A short young man walks in briskly. "Blowin' tonight?" he asks Hammer.

"Crazy, man," says Hammer. "We're waiting for you. Didn't have a piano player."

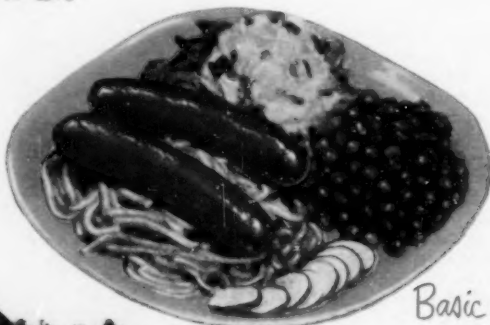
Hammer runs upstairs and pokes his head into a bedroom. "Who's blowin'?" he asks. He rounds up a drummer and a bass player. Lucille watches apprehensively as Hammer and the other musicians head for the basement. Hammer picks up a sax.

This basement studio is almost out of hearing range of Tin Pan Galley patrons and almost—but not quite—out of Lucille's hearing. It is a big room, lit by a single orange bulb. There is a piano and a set of drums and some slightly dilapidated furniture—a chesterfield, an armchair and some straight-backed chairs. It smells musty. The musicians bustle about unpacking their instruments. They are alone in the room.

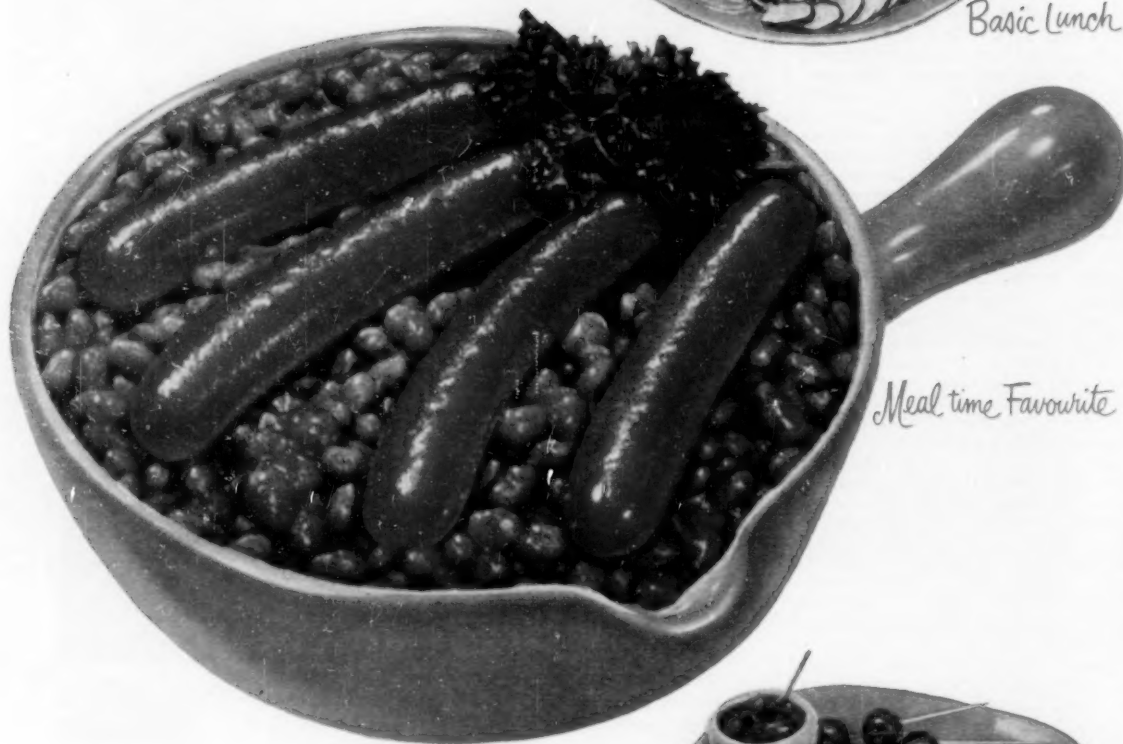
"Hey, dim the lights, can't ya?" somebody complains. "I can't play with all that glare." A duster is thrown around the bulb and the room is in semi-darkness.



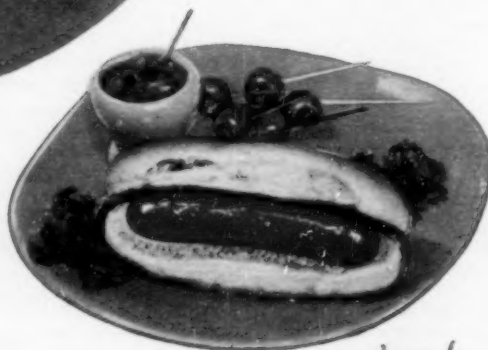
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V I S K I N G L I M I T E D . L I N D S A Y , O N T A R I O

For reasons known only to themselves, the Dixielanders favor the south basement and the moderns the north. Hammer and his friends are moderns—progressives—to the core.

"I Remember April," says Hammer. He blows a few notes to moisten the reed of his saxophone.

"In G," says the pianist.

He is Herb Helbig, a young German who picked up most of his jazz in Europe from American occupation troops. His face is barely distinguishable in the half light as he moves into the melody. He plays it first almost as written and then begins to improvise. His ad libs are played not experimentally but with firm assurance, not carelessly but with strict adherence to the laws of musical harmony.

The drummer and string-bass player fall into stride. The drummer is a handsome soft-spoken young man in a windbreaker. He looks at nothing as his brushes scrape out an accompaniment and his foot pumps a pedal into the bass drum. On the bass fiddle, slight bespectacled Lennie Boyd leans into his instrument, his head bobbing, his fingers flicking across the strings.

Then Spanier comes galloping down the stairs. A spare blond young man with hair that has a habit of flopping over his forehead, Herby thrusts his trumpet to his lips and closes in hard on Helbig's improvisation. He fondles the melody, fleshes out the I Remember April theme with his own ideas. Then, the trombonist. Then Hammer, standing with the bell of his saxophone breathing into the piano, takes his solo. He plays with deep concentration, eyebrows lifting as he reaches for a difficult note, building and improvising until only a suggestion of the original melody remains.

"Really wailing," whispers a studious-looking man in horn-rimmed glasses who sprawls across the chesterfield.

And they finish not too distant, musically speaking, from their starting point. "Really blowing, man," breathes the man in glasses. He could be referring to any of the performers; the jazz idiom makes it possible to encourage even pianists to "blow."

There is no applause, mainly because there is no real audience. The musicians have been playing for themselves and for three other performers who have drifted into the studio. The union forbids its members to play before nonpaying audiences.

Hammer fumbles for his cigarettes and Lennie Boyd drinks pop out of the bottle. A moment for cigarettes and comments and they begin again—Minor Blues first, then Tea For Two, Body and Soul and Jor-Du—until, breathless and weary, they break for coffee.

In Tin Pan Galley, now jammed with nighthawk coffee drinkers, Lucille Henderson sits over a sandwich. Her wrist watch shows 3.30. A Dixieland group has been holding forth in the other basement studio and she feels as though she were caught in the centre of a cyclone of sound.

"I don't know," she muses. "Dixieland is warm and happy and I can understand some of it. But this other—what you kids call cool—to me it's just cold. But I guess I like it better now than I did at first."

Sitting beside her is Robb McConnell, a musician only when he isn't working in a drugstore. He explains, "You can't just listen to jazz with half an ear, Lucille. You have to concentrate and you have to understand a little about the musicians and how they live and . . ."

Lucille: "But why do they have to lose the melody?"

McConnell: "But that's the whole point in jazz—improvisation. It's telling a story through music."

Lucille: "It seems to me they tell the story in such a roundabout way you

lose interest in the whole thing."

To the jazzmen then, Lucille is an out-and-out square. But she is also a sort of unwilling and unwitting Joan of Arc who led them out of moldering garages and gave them a place of their own. A young trumpet player sums it up this way: "Lucille will never dig the good she's done us. She's given us a real clean scene."

Lucille's own musical education was sketchy, to say the least—three months on piano as a child. But she showed an early interest in writing song lyrics and possessed a crude talent for picking

out original tunes on a piano. Seven years ago she took her words and music to a musician friend. All he could offer was discouragement: if she wanted to be another Cole Porter, she would have to learn music from the ground up.

To this end she spent a precious twenty dollars on a set of orchestra bells, a sort of xylophone, and took them to her furnished room on Toronto's Carlton Street. The bells weren't enough, so she invested a hundred and thirty-five dollars on a secondhand piano. She quit the publishing firm for whom she worked as

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a mimeographer, deciding to live on what money she could earn as a freelance mimeographer and from her piano which she rented out to piano students. She had divorced her businessman husband some years before.

Six months after her break with the publishing company, she took a second room in the same house, put in another piano and rented it out to a piano teacher on a long-term lease. Soon Lucille's two studios had grown to ten, all in the same building and all supplied with pianos. It was summer of 1953 when the thought occurred: how much better off her musicians would be if they could live at the studios and so have their pianos at their fingertips.

She began shopping around for a suitable location. She discovered that some United Church missionaries were vacating a large double house two blocks away on Jarvis Street. The rent, payable in advance, would be four thousand dollars a year. She checked her bank account and found she had five hundred dollars. Undismayed, she mortgaged her pianos, two typewriters, mimeograph machine and some odds and ends of furniture and borrowed the extra thirty-five hundred dollars. Melody Mill wasn't properly in operation yet but already it was in debt over its head.

Lucille took possession but a dozen retired missionaries still clung to their rooms. Horrified, they peeped out of their rooms as pianos were trundled in. When a saxophonist tried an exploratory run up the scale, a door was flung open and an elderly man belted, "What do you think this is—a concert hall?" The musician replied, "Yes."

So She Moved the Furniture

Most of the missionaries found new lodgings immediately. Others hung on, reluctant to leave the home they'd known for the last twenty years. Lucille had a problem. She couldn't just throw them out into the street and at the same time she couldn't go on caring for them indefinitely.

Somewhere she read once that elderly people disliked coming downstairs in the morning to find furniture shifted. So Lucille began shifting furniture. One by one the missionaries left and the musicians were able to live in their own particular brand of peace.

It is doubtful whether Lucille would have had to resort to any such ingenious method of eviction had the missionaries envisaged what was to occur this April night—and many other nights.

At 4.30 a.m.—and it's Sunday now and Jarvis Street sleeps—Lucille wearily locks the doors. The Dixielanders in the south basement studio were the first to throw in the sponge; their piano player went home. Three others of this impromptu seven-man unit retired to their bedrooms in Melody Mill; the others chatted for a while and then left for boardinghouses in other parts of the city. Two smaller combos playing in private ground-floor studios in the north wing collapsed from sheer exhaustion. Only the basement moderns—Hammer and his friends—are still in business.

Then somebody says, "Man, I'm beat." And another comments, "Me, too. I been goofing all over the place." They pick up discarded coats and ties, and pack their horns. They take a last swig from their popbottles and wearily climb the stairs to a second-floor bedroom. Someone produces jazz records and someone else the heel of a bottle of whisky. Not until a record is on, softly, and they have passed the whisky bottle around, do they start talking, and then

quietly so as not to rouse Lucille. She has gone to bed in her room in the other wing.

"Man," breathes Dave Hammer, slouching across the bed, "we were a real swinging group. Lennie, you were really making it tonight, man."

And Lennie Boyd, the bass player who was really making it, says, "Don't know why we can't blow like that all the time. Maybe if we got together on a gig this summer . . ."

On it goes.

Two and a half hours later—7 a.m. and daylight has begun to slide into the room—they still lie sprawled about. In the grey half light of dawn, the musicians look drained. Their whisky is gone and they have listened critically to all the new jazz records and there is nothing left to say. Hammer breaks the silence, "If we only had a piano player, we could maybe blow a little more."

"Yeah," says Boyd, "but Herby's gone home."

"We could wake up Joey Masters," someone suggests eagerly. "His pad is next door."

Masters is dragged out of bed. At 7.15 a.m. Melody Mill is back to normal—a saxophone wailing down empty corridors and music spilling out of the basement studio to the sidewalk, much to the astonishment of the occasional passer-by. Oddly enough, no one has ever complained.

At 9 a.m. all is peaceful again. Having slept four hours, Lucille dresses and moves downstairs to the dining room. Stale cigarette smoke hangs in the air; empty bottles are everywhere and cigarette butts litter the floor. Lucille frowns, but not at the mess which is a familiar sight by now. She has found the doors of Tin Pan Galley wide open. She knows she locked them before going to bed. A quick check tells her that nothing is missing. Rubbing at her eyelids and swallowing a yawn, she starts the coffee. She grimaces suddenly as a small orchestra in rehearsal bursts into sound. Always there is music . . .

The broken lock is a mystery and will probably remain a mystery as do most other minor crimes committed in Melody Mill. Lucille strides into a nearby studio and questions the five young men in rehearsal. They look up innocently, shake their heads and return to their music. Lucille returns to her coffee, defeated. At the moment Melody Mill houses nine trumpet players, eight pianists, six saxophonists, three vocalists, a clarinetist, a violinist, a string-bass player, an artist, an actress, Tin Pan Galley's Hungarian cook and a CBC technician who wandered in off the street one night and decided to stay. The culprit might be any one of them.

At noon Lucille doles out bed linen to a trombonist freshly arrived from Buffalo. In the middle of her lunch she makes two trips upstairs to rescue a roomer who persists in locking himself out of his room. Confused by lack of sleep, she takes a girl tap dancer to Studio 17, collects fifty cents from her, then assigns a clarinetist to the same studio. He returns and indignantly announces, "There's some dame in there." He is given another studio.

The opening chords of Debussy's Arabesque sound nearby only to die under a hail of mambo rhythms from another studio. Lucille asks herself the question she asks almost every morning—what am I doing in this place anyway? The answer is always the same—because I started it and I seem to be stuck with it. She pours herself a cup of coffee, takes a deep drag from her cigarette and smiles as the Debussy comes through over the mambo music.

If only it were always Debussy . . . ★

Ottawa's First Sidewalk Café

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"And how many times have you been around the world in your nine foolish years, that you can say such a thing?" my father demanded.

"I know," I persisted feebly.

Mustering all the venom at his command he sneered, "Quiet you, you shortstop. All you know is baseball and hockey." My father hadn't the slightest idea what either game was about. To him baseball and hockey were the blandishments Satan used alternately in summer and winter to lure young people from synagogue services and from Jewish school. His admonitions on this subject were always withering and full of quotations from Koheleth and the Prophets, and the fact that our neighbors happened to be standing around us undoubtedly saved me from one of his biblical blasts.

Cleared For Inaction

The office desks of underlings
Are cluttered, small, unsightly things,
Submerged and heaped and overrun
With work that's crying to be done.
But not a paper clip dishevels
The massive desks at higher levels
Where big executives preside
And redirect the rising tide
To swell the vast, inordinate
Backlog of a subordinate.

P. J. BLACKWELL

Dismissing me, he turned to my mother and said, "If this is a serious matter we will hear about it in due time, and then we will go to see Mr. Elkind."

SURE enough, the next day a sinister-looking slip of paper was delivered by special messenger, and this was immediately taken to Mr. Elkind, the druggist who ran the pharmacy at the end of our street. He was one of those amazing people who could somehow always answer a man in his native tongue, no matter what language he spoke. But Mr. Elkind's linguistic talent was more of a nuisance to him than a source of satisfaction, for the immigrants in our district were forever hounding him to translate communications in English of one kind or another. Now and then he even appeared in court to interpret for newcomers who had gotten themselves involved with the law and, over the years, the judges and magistrates came to know Elkind the druggist as a very able interpreter. The constant impositions by the people in our street made out of Mr. Elkind a tense, irritable man of unpredictable moods. When he saw us coming he made a move as if to run into the dispensary, but he checked himself and called out, "Yes, what can I do for you?" My father handed him the slip of paper and, as he read, my mother plied him with a report of what had happened. Mr. Elkind confirmed our worst fears. What the messenger had delivered was a summons to appear in court within a week. On learning this news my father produced the business license and, showing it partly to Mr. Elkind and partly to the world in general, demanded justice.

A nasty mood blew up in Mr. Elkind, like a sudden gust of wind. "Justice you ask from a judge, not from a druggist," he snapped, and disap-

peared into his dispensary. But a moment later he came back into the store and told us not to worry, that it was probably some misunderstanding which, at the most, might involve a small fine, and that either he or his apprentice would show up in court to interpret for us. At the mention of the word court, my mother began to weep, and Mr. Elkind fled into his dispensary once more. This time he didn't come out again.

THE day my parents were to appear before the magistrate my older brother and sister didn't go to work, my father having decreed that the family should be together at a time like this. On the way to court we dropped in on Mr. Elkind, who was amazed and touched to see our whole family looking so doomed. He told us that he couldn't leave the store, but that he was sending his apprentice to do the translating for us. As we trooped out of the store he called after us, "For God's sake, stop acting as if you were on your way to Siberia."

The apprentice showed up as Mr. Elkind had promised. A pompous boy in his late teens with long bony arms and a large head that seemed to rest insecurely on his slender neck, the apprentice had recently been hired by Mr. Elkind straight from high school. We were just about to enter the courtroom when he arrived. Immediately, he got into an argument with the guard, who balked at letting my younger sister and myself into the court chamber on the grounds that we were too young. Ignoring the apprentice, the attendant stooped down and made several fatherly attempts to pry my sister loose from my mother, but it was useless. Finally he gave up and admitted us all.

The courtroom was a great disappointment. Instead of a vast elegant chamber such as I had seen in the movies, we were ushered into a dimly lit room with several rows of benches facing an elderly magistrate, who sat behind a rather plain desk on a slightly raised dais. Aside from the court functionaries, there were only three or four people in the room. We were shown to the very front bench and the magistrate eyed us with great interest as we sat down. From close up, he looked even older than on first glance. He was wizened and had a shock of fine white hair that lay on his head in a static fluffy mass like candy floss. The veins on his hands stood out like bits of string.

No sooner were we seated than the court clerk rose and read out the charge against my parents, the gist of which was that they had committed an act of public mischief, having set up, without a permit, a catering business on land in front of our store belonging to the city. When the clerk returned to his seat, a heavy man in a uniform who sat behind a table rose and entered the witness box. As soon as he turned to face the benches, my mother recognized him as the policeman who had stopped in front of our place. She stirred uncomfortably and murmured to my father, "*Ot is er, der malach hamovis.*" ("There he is, the angel of death.") After taking the oath, the policeman pretty well repeated what the court clerk had read out, but toward the very end of his testimony he brought in the fact that my mother had conveyed to him she planned to open a street restaurant like they have in Boston. That which I dreaded all week had happened.

I lowered my eyes to avoid my family and clutched my fists tight inside my pockets to stave off panic. When the policeman returned to his seat, my mother, in whose name the summons

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LARGEST SELLING GIN IN THE WORLD

had been issued, was asked to come to the witness box. On occasions when her galloping enthusiasm was throttled my mother could generate a type of despair befitting a much larger woman. With her eyes blazing defiance at the policeman and her tiny body almost painfully erect, the picture in the witness box was one of broken majesty. She took the oath with a stiff nod of her head while the magistrate eyed her curiously, as if the problem she had brought into court was somewhat senseless.

Leaning forward he asked, "Now

then, what's this about a restaurant like they have in Boston?"

My mother turned to the apprentice who followed her, and who also took the oath, but with such a ringing "I do," that a sour expression came over the magistrate's face; it was plain to see that he had taken an immediate dislike to the boy.

"Tell the good judge," my mother said in Yiddish to the apprentice, "that because of a childish impulse, my nine-year-old son used the name of a city I didn't mention when he translated my remarks to the policeman.

Tell him that it is our wish only to bring the fine customs of Europe to Ottawa, and that we want to open a street café like they have in great capitals like Vienna and Paris and Warsaw. Such a place will bring happiness to the diplomats sent here by many countries."

The apprentice could hardly wait for my mother to finish. He threw his head back in the manner of an orator and said, "Your Worship, these here people are new in the country..."

Interrupting him with a sharp rap of the gavel, the magistrate asked nastily,

"Is that what she told you to say?" The apprentice became startled and began to fumble about for a reply. "Answer my question," the magistrate insisted.

My mother quickly realized that something had gone wrong and sent the boy to his seat. Frightened at the magistrate's outburst, he practically ran back to one of the benches. He was hardly seated when my mother motioned for my elder sister to come up to the magistrate's desk. The magistrate seemed more receptive to my sister, waiting patiently while she took the oath, and my mother issued instructions for her to translate the very same words she had said to the apprentice. My sister, who had become proficient enough in English to make herself understood in her daily encounters with store clerks, streetcar conductors and the like, was sadly out of her depth before the magistrate. After a few words she faltered and stopped altogether.

The magistrate put his face between his two hands and leaned over on his elbows. The weight of his head against his hands pushed his cheeks and his eyebrows up toward his forehead giving him the look of an ancient gargoyle. He seemed faintly amused at my sister's difficulties. After a few moments of painful silence she was quickly yanked away from the magistrate's desk by my mother, who now worked from the witness box with the feverish dispatch of a baseball manager laboring to save a crucial game.

THE next thing I knew, my mother was motioning to me to come and take over the job of translating. To help me face the ordeal, my father came to my side. My knees quaked under me and I felt myself floating rather than walking over to the magistrate, who was by this time plainly enjoying the cavalcade of interpreters that was filing past his desk. The court clerk hesitated to administer the oath, but the magistrate told him to go ahead, saying that I couldn't do any worse than the two grownups who preceded me. My mother sought to reassure me from the witness box by telling me that I had only to admit the foolishness I had committed, and I would be promptly forgiven by the judge. Then she repeated what she had said to the apprentice, and asked me to translate it. She allowed several moments to pass by, and then tried to prod me into speech with "Nu, vos varts du?" ("What are you waiting for?"). I was waiting for a miracle. I prayed quietly to God to help me now, not only with the English name for *Vien*, but for *Pareez* and for *Varsheh* as well. But only such names as Boston... Montreal... Toronto and the other cities on the National Hockey League roster kept dropping into my mind like hot coals. I looked at my mother helplessly, and told her what the trouble was. Then I began to cry.

"How long have you been in this country?" the magistrate asked after a while.

"It's gonna be a year next month, sir," I replied, grateful for the diversion.

"Say 'Your Worship,'" instructed the court clerk.

"Your Worship," I amended quickly.

"And did you do well in your first year at school?" he asked.

"Not bad, Your Worship," I replied with proper modesty.

His face broke into an unexpected smile and he said, "Keep up the good work, lad."

"I will, Your Worship," I promised fervently.

Then he said to my parents that there wouldn't be a fine this time, but

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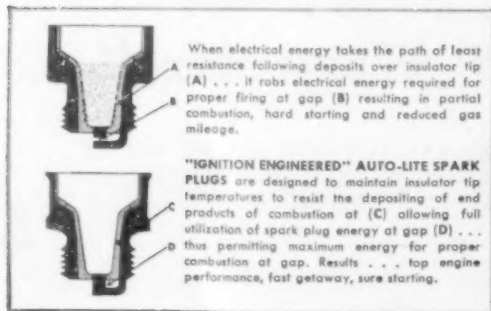
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that the tables and chairs had better not be put on the street again until we had taken out a permit. He dismissed us with a slight wave of his hand, and began to study a large sheet of paper on his desk with the preoccupation of a man who had lost complete interest in us. We waited for something more to happen, but the attendant came over and ushered us out.

ON THE way home from court my parents went over the *protzess*, as they called the trial, incident by incident. The feeling of relief that swept all of us was soon doused by my father, who became suspicious that we had gotten off too easy. "How could the judge decide in our favor when he didn't even find out our side of the story? This isn't the end, I'm afraid." My father's ominous words drove us straight into Mr. Elkind's drugstore once again, where I was asked to repeat what the magistrate had said. To save his face the apprentice kept correcting me until Mr. Elkind ordered him into the dispensary.

After I was finished Mr. Elkind looked rather displeased with my parents and said, "I told you there was nothing to worry about. Now get your permit like the magistrate ordered, and go about your business." My father said he didn't understand how we got off without even paying a small fine. "You want to pay a fine?" Mr. Elkind asked with a sinister little grin, as if he could arrange that right away. Then, turning to my mother, he asked the name of the magistrate who had tried our case. She didn't know it, but she described the old man in great detail. "Why, that was Magistrate Kennedy," said Mr. Elkind. "He doesn't need an interpreter. He understood every word you said. He taught German in high school as a young man, and during the war he was in charge of a prison camp. He speaks German almost as well as English."

At this my mother's face dropped. Although Yiddish was close enough to German for the magistrate to have understood her, she felt robbed, because she spoke German, Polish and Russian fluently, and loved nothing better than a chance to display her knowledge of those languages. She was put out at the thought that she had let such a golden opportunity slip by, and we left Mr. Elkind with my mother vaguely irritated.

SEVERAL days later my father brought the permit home and that same afternoon the chairs, tables, rubber plants and gingham tablecloths were brought outside again. This time the neighbors came over to help set the furniture up and, when everything was in place, my mother insisted that they sit down to coffee. They obeyed reluctantly and sat uncomfortably in their chairs looking anxiously toward their verandas as they waited to be served. They gave the appearance of people who had been locked out of their homes. After they'd had their coffee they wished my parents good luck, and disappeared quickly into their houses.

It wasn't until the next morning that the first paying customer showed up. He flopped into one of the chairs and ordered coffee and rolls in an indecisive voice, as if he was sorry he'd yielded to a foolish impulse. My mother served him, and then withdrew some distance to watch the man consume his food. My father, my sister and I joined my mother, and for some reason we couldn't help hovering about the man, who started to throw uneasy glances in our direction. After a while he began to cover his food by leaning over it in the manner of an insecure dog. Finally, he dropped his money on the table and

left without finishing his coffee and rolls.

The ability to ignore a customer in the act of eating is something that evidently takes time to acquire. We didn't in the short time while our street café lasted, and the few people who stopped off for something to eat were all stared into a state of nervousness. After a few weeks it became clear, even to my mother, that the venture was doomed. The foreign diplomats my mother had counted on never ventured into our street, let alone the café. The only steady frequenters consisted of my

grandfather and his bearded cronies, who sat about all day sipping seltzer water and regaling each other with tales of the miracles performed by great rabbis of bygone years, or arguing some such nice point in the Talmud as to whether it is holy or sinful to mutilate the body through fasting, or whether it is proper or improper for a wife to be buried next to her husband. It was because of these Talmudic disputations by the group of old-timers that our neighbors soon began to call our café the Yeshiva, after the Talmudic seminaries, although officially it went under

the very urbane name of Café Europa. With the first cool days of September my mother's interest in the restaurant started to wane. Soon her eyes began to shine with that inner glow that meant only one thing—a new business venture was taking shape in her mind. When she finally did come out with her idea my father fought it like hell, but it was no use.

Well, before our second winter in Ottawa arrived, we had opened a lending library of foreign books which my mother was sure would take the legations by storm. ★

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The Fan Who Took Over The Argos

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

were so numbed by Sonshine's manoeuvres that as late as April they were shunting hockey's Stanley Cup play-offs out of favored positions in their columns to make way for his latest announcements. Sonshine's activities got Toronto football reporters quarreling, often bitterly, among themselves and with him over news releases, and precipitated a series of broken confidences which Sonshine claimed were responsible for a lawsuit filed in April by the Detroit Lions. His operations brought the threat from Timothy Mara, owner of the New York Giants, that "we'll run those Canadians out of business."

Sonshine has stirred up criticism on three main counts:

First of all, he casually announced to the newspapers one afternoon last December that none of the thirteen Americans who'd played for the Argonauts in 1954 would be hired in 1955. It was the first the affected players had heard of it, and the announcement brought censure from press and public on the grounds of heartlessness and callousness, and a lack of sportsmanship and diplomacy. It also brought the charge from Montreal's Leo Dandurand that "all the publicity Canada has received through National Broadcasting Company televising of our games, and the goodwill and impressions of integrity we have created over the years, have been demolished in one fell swoop." Dandurand said he believed the action would cost the Big Four league future television contracts, a matter of a quarter of a million dollars in 1954 when NBC carried Big Four games on hundreds of U. S. TV stations. Actually, NBC was already angling to carry U. S. college games in 1955, but as late as last May Big Four teams were still negotiating with other U. S. networks to televise Canadian games this fall.

The second point that made Sonshine's critics boil over was that while shopping for new material in the U. S. he negotiated with players already signed to 1954 contracts by teams in the National Football League, a sixteen-team powerhouse stretching from New York to Los Angeles. All such contracts contain a clause giving the NFL team an option on the player's services for the following season. Contracts in the Big Four and in the Western Conference contain a similar option clause which each league scrupulously respects within its own boundaries. But Sonshine and several other Canadian football executives feel this clause is not legal—or at least they appear to feel it is not legal outside their own leagues. It has been tested in the courts three times over the past five years when Canadian teams have hired players who were under option to NFL teams. In each case the court ruled that the option clause was not binding. And so so-called raiding between leagues has continued. To stop the practice, which has constantly threatened a costly player war, several Canadian teams sent representatives to Bert Bell, commissioner of the NFL, in an effort to work out a lasting peace between the two countries, and just such rapport seemed in the making when Sonshine skimmed across the border and came back loaded. That's when NFL owners screamed defiance and they were quickly joined by Canadians who wanted peace and saw Sonshine as a warmonger.

The third rallying point for the we-

hate-Sonshine forces was the fact that Sonshine paid salaries ranging from ten thousand to seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year when he landed the NFL stars he wanted. Such prices were deemed too rich for the budgets of Ottawa and Hamilton, both of whom claimed to have lost money in their 1954 operations. "To up salaries is suicidal," said Jake Gaudaur of Hamilton. "Yet if we don't keep pace on the field our fans will desert us and that'll be suicidal. I do not hesitate to condemn everything Sonshine has done."

Through all this storm of criticism Sonshine has been backed by the unwavering loyalty of the Argonaut executive in general and of the tall vigorous club president with brush-cut grey hair, Bill Ross, in particular. It was Ross who brought Sonshine out of the stands and gave reality to every fan's dream. The story traces back to a warm late afternoon last August when the air at Toronto's Varsity Stadium was heavy with humidity and derision from the stands. The Argonauts, once proud and powerful, had finished last in the Big Four in 1953 and now they were being made to look amateurish by the Edmonton Eskimos in a preseason exhibition game to launch the '54 season.

Sonshine Joins the Team

Three days later in Winnipeg, where the Argonauts had gone for another preseason exhibition, three sombre Argo executives fretted in a suite in the Royal Alexandra Hotel. A meeting had been called by Ross. On hand were club executives Ted Punchard and Joe Wright and a swarthy, jowly, heavy-set friend of long standing named Harry Sonshine, whose personal wealth permitted him to accompany the Argonauts on most of their trips.

"We can't take much more of this," Ross began. "We can't have our own fans down on us like this. We're off forty thousand dollars in season-ticket sales and we won no friends against Edmonton." He turned to Sonshine. "You got any notions, Harry?"

"I'm sick to death of seeing us get kicked around," said Sonshine bluntly. "The trouble, I'm convinced, is our material—the imports just don't measure up. Would you fellows, for example, trade our Americans for Montreal's?"

The three of them reluctantly agreed that they'd not hesitate to make the swap.

"Well," said Sonshine, "it's not too late. If Frank agrees, I'll try to help."

Coach Frank Clair was consulted and he agreed to assign Sonshine the task of finding new players.

"We'll spend a hundred thousand dollars if we have to," Ross told Sonshine. "I've had enough of this kicking around."

Sonshine quickly lined up four players. Frank Clair was reluctant to accept them. Sonshine sent up Frank Polsfoot, an end formerly with the Washington Redskins. But after three days of workouts Polsfoot had not been looked at by Clair. When Sonshine asked why, Clair replied that it would take six weeks for a player to learn the Argo system and he was too busy getting the team ready for the Big Four opener to spend time on newcomers. Polsfoot left in disgust, joined the Chicago Cardinals and scored two touchdowns a week later in his first game.

"It didn't take him six weeks to learn Cardinal plays," Sonshine says sharply.

In Rochester, where the Philadelphia Eagles were playing an exhibition game, Sonshine lined up Ken Snyder, an all-league tackle. "He met me in front of the hotel, his bags packed and

ready to leave with me," Sonshine relates. "He told me Adrian Burk, the quarterback, and John Palmer, a tackle, would like to go to Canada too, and asked if he could bring them. I told him we'd have to consult our coach."

Again, according to Sonshine, Clair was reluctant to take new material. It would take the players six weeks to learn the system, he told Sonshine.

"We could have had Burk for twelve thousand dollars," Sonshine says. "Today, after the great year he had last season with the Eagles, he'd be at least twenty thousand."

At this point, Sonshine says, he withdrew from the whole thing. "It was obvious to me," he declares, "that Frank was really not interested in getting new players."

But almost from the start of the Big Four season things went badly for the Argonauts. Clair and his assistant coach, Chuck Klein, began arguing openly in front of the Argonaut bench during games. Clair went to Sonshine and told him of reports he'd heard that Klein was after his job. The reports were common gossip among Toronto football reporters.

"He felt Klein was undermining him and asked for advice," Sonshine says. "I told him to send Klein to the press box as a spotter, so that they wouldn't be arguing on the field. Because of this trouble I got back into the Argo picture. The executive appointed me team director, and I took off on scouting trips."

Club president Bill Ross says the executive dispatched Sonshine with full authority because, as a life member of the Argonaut Rowing club which owns the football team, "he had always been around us and we knew him as a very shrewd judge of people, honest, and a successful businessman."

Unpaid by the Argonauts (he still is) and spending close to fifteen thousand dollars of his own money, Sonshine went to the United States every week end to scout players in the NFL. By the end of the Big Four season last November he had a hatful of names and notions and took them to the Argo executive.

"We agreed that because of crowd reaction either Clair or Nobby Wirkowski, our quarterback, had to go," he recalls. "The fans had given them a rough time but it was my feeling that Clair was a good coach who had been saddled with too much work. We agreed to offer him the same salary for 1955 as he'd got in '54, but with reduced authority. As team director I was to handle negotiations with the players and Frank's job was to coach the material I provided him with. If the players were no good it was my responsibility, not his. One other stipulation was that Wirkowski was not to be retained as quarterback; it was nothing personal, we were simply convinced that our fans were down on him."

Clair, according to Sonshine, agreed to these terms. The following Sunday, as they scouted a game in Chicago,

Clair spoke glowingly of Wirkowski in comparing him to the quarterbacks on the field. The next week, in Detroit, the same thing happened.

"Look, Frank," Sonshine recalls saying to the coach, "Wirkowski is out. Our fans figure he's colorless and they're down on him. There's no point in us arguing about him. The real point is that you agreed to come along on the basis that Wirkowski wouldn't be back."

Sonshine called a meeting between Clair and Ross and himself at six o'clock on a Monday night in Clair's office in Toronto's Varsity Stadium. "I'd heard Frank had been publicly criticizing our attitude on Wirkowski and I wanted to set the thing straight. I phoned him Sunday to remind him of the meeting. On Monday night Bill Ross and I waited until 7.30 at the stadium and he didn't show up. I phoned him and he said the meeting must have slipped his mind."

Thus, when they did meet, Sonshine was disturbed, and this was the backdrop to his startling announcement that none of the 1954 imports would be retained. "You've criticized us publicly and I won't go along with that," he says he told Clair. "You're our coach if you want the job, but you've got to adhere to club policy. We can't argue about Wirkowski all season. You've agreed he's to go but you apparently don't want to comply with the contract."

A clause was inserted to the effect that Clair could be released on one week's notice.

"We had to find out if Frank intended to go along with our idea to get new players, or if he even wanted to sign his contract," says Sonshine. "There could be no repetition of the Wirkowski business, or of the players I'd tried to get him in September."

A Curious Coincidence

On December 11, Sonshine leaped overnight into prominence under headlines that shouted of the thirteen firings. Sonshine did not name the replacements but he declared that he'd signed "or gave my bond" to seven NFL players. Two weeks later the Big Four showed what it thought of fans who step out of the stands and go shopping. The delegates agreed at the league's annual meeting in Montreal that no player currently under contract or option to an NFL club would be eligible to play in the Big Four in 1955. Ostensibly, this move was to restore peace with the NFL but by a curious coincidence no team except the Argos had signed an NFL player currently under NFL option, and all teams except the Argos had signed them at one time or another over the previous five years.

But Sonshine and the Argonauts stood firm, declaring that they were bound to pay their seven players and were determined to retain them even if it meant playing a whole season of exhibition games. The Big Four, which then would have been reduced to a sort of Medium Three, modified its decision

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and declared that each team could keep four NFL players. Sonshine offered three of the players he'd either signed or to whom he had given "my bond" to any of the other Big Four teams that wanted them. But before these negotiations were consummated the three players decided to stay with their NFL teams. "And all of them got raises," says Sonshine.

The four players he retained are quarterback Tom Dublinski of the Detroit Lions, whom Sonshine signed for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars for one year; Gil Mains, a tackle from the Lions who got an eleven-thousand-dollar contract; and two linemen from the Giants, Bill Albright and Bill Shipp, who got a reported ten thousand dollars each. All were highly recommended by other players in Sonshine's dinner conversations in NFL cities, and all came big. The quarterback Dublinski is six-foot-two and weighs two hundred and five pounds, replacing five-foot-eight, one-hundred-and-eighty-pound Wirkowski. Shipp, one of the linemen, is six-foot-six and weighs two eighty-five. All were signed to no-cut contracts, which means that the Argonauts are committed to pay them whether they are retained by the club or not, an extremely rare kind of contract in football where competition for jobs is keen and only the players who "make the team" after a long fall-training period still have jobs.

For his personally selected coach, Sonshine again turned to the New York Giants. "Everywhere I'd gone to talk to football players I'd heard Bill Swiacki's name mentioned. He was the fellow who mapped the Giant offense last year, and it was one of the most diversified in the NFL." Sonshine landed the thirty-two-year-old Swiacki for a basic fourteen thousand dollars, plus a bonus of one thousand dollars if the Argos win the Big Four championship, and another thousand if they win the Grey Cup. Then he added two assistants to the coaching staff for a reported eleven thousand each. These were Jim Martin, a tackle last year with the Lions, and Bill Earley, an assistant to head coach Terry Brennan at Notre Dame University last year.

"The game has become so complicated," says Sonshine in explaining an outlay of about thirty-five thousand dollars for a coaching staff, "that one man simply can't handle all the details. One of the main jobs of all these men will be to develop Canadian players."

At this writing, court cases are pending involving two of the players, Dublinski and Mains. The Detroit Lions have asked for an injunction to restrain them from playing with the Argonauts and have slapped a fifty-thousand-dollar breach of contract suit on each man. Sonshine has announced that the Argos will carry the financial responsibility for both. Sonshine is riding out this judicial tempest with the dogged persistence and unwavering confidence that marked his attitude under earlier assaults. Whether he is seated with friends talking football in his luxurious five-room apartment in the northern reaches of Toronto, or at the wheel of one of his two Cadillac sedans, he remains calm. He is a big unhurried man of six feet and two hundred and sixty pounds, with thinning black curly hair, dark eyes and an olive complexion. He doesn't smoke, drinks if he thinks of it although it's unimportant to him and, aside from weekly poker sessions with a few old friends, has few interests other than business and football. He lives quietly with his second wife, the former Ailene Craig, of New Westminster, whom he married in 1946, and his two sons—David who is fifteen and Reg, ten—by a first marriage that ended in

divorce. Sonshine turned forty-one last April 28.

He was born and brought up in Toronto in well-to-do surroundings, the second oldest of five children. His father was Ben Sonshine, a manufacturer of interior fixture fittings. Harry was a tall thin one-hundred-and-forty-pounder when he played flying wing for Queen's University from which he graduated as a bachelor of commerce in 1937. That fall he joined the Argonauts but a broken jaw kept him out of the Grey Cup final against the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. In December the Bombers were training at Ann Arbor, Mich. Sonshine secretly scouted them. He wore a University of Michigan freshman's tam on his head and struck up a conversation with Fritz Hanson, a renowned Winnipeg halfback from North Dakota.

"Hey, this game's not so different from our game, is it?" he remarked to Hanson.

"Fundamentally the same game," said Hanson.

"Where's the difference?" asked Sonshine.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Hanson, and he went into a detailed discussion of Bomber plans and plays, which Sonshine duly relayed to Argo coach Lew Hayman. To Hanson's utter consternation, the first man he saw as he trotted onto the field at Varsity Stadium in Toronto the following Saturday was the black-jowled "freshman" from Michigan, sitting beside Hayman on the Argonaut bench. The Argos won that day, four to three.

"Shrewd Bunch of Bandits"

Sonshine worked for a stockbroker for a while, then joined his father as a salesman for six years. In 1943 he was made general superintendent of a truck-transport company and he still regards his three years there as the most constructive of his life.

"The guys driving inter-city trucks in those days were the toughest, shrewdest bunch of bandits in the world," he reflects. "Handling them was a murderous job because if one of them figured he could beat you he'd steal your socks."

In 1946 he joined his friend Harry Tepperman who owned the Hart Equipment Corporation, which manufactured furniture, as sales manager. Six months later he bought into the firm and today he and Tepperman are equal partners. When plastics began to appear on the market Harry talked Tepperman into risking most of their capital—one hundred thousand dollars—to purchase a plastic press to make table tops, the first such press in Canada. He worked sixteen to eighteen hours a day to push the table tops, and his pretty wife Ailene remembers taking a book to the plant night after night and reading until 2 a.m. when Harry would drop into the car beside her and immediately fall asleep.

Business came his way and he expanded. Today he owns a plywood-door manufacturing company, a steel-tubing company, a steel-door and hardware company and, of all things, a bowling alley in Niagara Falls, Ont. He estimates his business assets at three million dollars. His wife, generally opposed to his expansions—"He'll ruin his health; what's the point?"—actually urged him to join the Argonauts as unpaid team director last fall. "I thought it would be a hobby," she says. "I thought he'd finally do some relaxing. Little did I know!"

Thus, when Sonshine answers his critics it's with the confidence in his judgment that made him successful in business. He does not agree, for

example, with the charge made by Jake Gaudaur, president of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, that his methods threaten the financial structure of the Big Four.

"Our total expenses won't be ten percent more than they were last year," he claims. "Look, since we know the calibre of our players we won't be bringing twenty to twenty-five Americans to camp to try out. To get the ten we're permitted, we'll look at twelve boys. I was reading the other day where Hamilton plans to look at five quarterbacks. It'll cost them as much to finally select one as we're paying the one we've got."

As for pricing the league out of existence, another of Gaudaur's charges, Sonshine says the main reason the Argonauts agreed to a split-gate this season was to help the smaller cities—Ottawa and Hamilton—with their finances. Split-gate is a system whereby the visiting team collects fifteen cents on the dollar for all gate receipts; the smaller cities would therefore participate in the larger receipts in larger centres.

"No league is stronger than its weakest team. So the point is, are the smaller cities going to come up to our level in player material, or are we going down to theirs? The surest way for us to have Canadian football is to give our fans terrific football in a balanced league. I feel it's the Americans who made our game the national attraction it is today. Therefore, the better the Americans, the better our attraction. And if we get them teaching Canadians, as the Argos are definitely going to do, we'll have a better game, and a better-paying game, for all the Canadian kids who want to play football."

He admits he might be partially responsible for the football war between the Big Four and the NFL but he insists that the NFL's price for peace is too high. "They want everything their way. They treat us like poor relations, expecting us to take their castoffs and unripe rookies and be grateful. If they want to give us an equal voice in their annual college draft, okay, let's have a working agreement."

In one regard, Sonshine feels he made a mistake. "I thought the best way to handle the newspapers was to tell the writers, off the record, exactly what players we were counting on, and everything that we planned. For various reasons some of the boys broke stories before we were ready to release them. We lost a backfield coach from Notre Dame we were counting on heavily, because the news broke before he had informed the school of his intention to move. He phoned me his regrets; he said Notre Dame wasn't the kind of school you pulled that stuff on. Luckily we later were able to interest Bill Earley, another fine Notre Dame coach, in joining us."

"I don't think the Detroit Lions would have sued us over Dublinski and Mains if we'd had both boys up here, firmly established in jobs, before the Lions learned that they were signed by us. The Dublinski thing hit the papers while Tom was still at home cleaning up his affairs, and that set the Lions loose on us."

And as he answers the broadsides, Sonshine goes determinedly ahead with his plans. "We'll see," he says. "We'll see this fall. The one guy in all this fuss who isn't being overlooked is the fan." As the fan who's running the show, he ought to know. ★

How to Cook Without a Stove

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

a three-inch steak with half an inch of damp coarse salt, grill over a very hot fire twenty minutes to a side, crack off the charred salt, slice steak into melted butter and serve on French bread.

Other barbecue specialties are lamb chops rubbed lightly with garlic; bacon with some of the fat melted off first to

cut down on flare-ups; fish; spare ribs rubbed with sage and flour and swabbed with a barbecue sauce; chicken split and barbecued inside first, skin-side last; power-sawed cross sections of hard-frozen turkey, thawed in cooking oil; corn cobs; tomatoes; hamburgers fancied up with chili beans; hot dogs stuffed with crushed pineapple; trout wrapped in bacon; oysters broiled on their shells till the edges of the oysters curl; and bananas barbecued in their skins.

A *shishkebab*—a Turkish term for roasting food over a fire on the point of

a sword—is a barbecued skewer-load of meat and vegetables (for example, chunks of lamb, tomatoes and peppers). A hamburger *kebab* is made of balls of hamburger, peppers, tomatoes and Bermuda onions. Lamb *shashlik*, the Russian word for *shishkebab*, is made of marinated lamb cubes. *Barbemush* is an appetizer of slightly scorched cornmeal mush containing chunks of pork.

Fowl, sucking pig, rolled rib, leg of lamb or pork barbecued on a spit that's operated by electric motor or turned every ten minutes by hand derives a special flavor by being basted in its own

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drippings, most of which are prevented from falling by the rotary action of the spit. Lustrier forms of barbecuing take place in the coals, under the coals and even under the ground. A comparatively simple recipe for cooking in the coals is to rub a chuck roast with garlic, smear it with olive oil, spread mustard on it, pat in all the salt it will hold, let it stand for an hour, then put it in the fire. Turn the roast only once, and allow twenty minutes to a side. The salt crust of oil and mustard form a protective coating. Trout can be wrapped in wet maple leaves, then in wet mud and buried in the coals.

For open-pit barbecuing, the meat is skewered with iron rods long enough to rest over a pit sixteen inches deep and filled with hot coals from another fire. Deep-pit barbecued beef, mutton or venison is sewn into cheesecloth and burlap, tied with baling wire and buried above a layer of white-hot rocks for fifteen hours. Tuna — insides and all — when cooked this way for six hours and then dug up, skinned and cleaned (one overly enthusiastic book says to give the insides to any disapproving guests) is called Tuna Luau. This is eaten with the fingers. Each piece is dipped by hand into a sauce of garlic, tabasco, sugar, Worcestershire, mustard, ketchup, vinegar, olive oil, sauterne, salt and pepper. Lots of dry white wine to wash it down.

The word barbecue is probably a Spanish imitation of a Haitian word for a wooden framework used by the natives of Haiti in the smoking of fish and game.

New Craze But Old Custom

The barbecue may be a new craze but it's a very old custom. In England, centuries ago, oxen were roasted in open pits to celebrate special occasions. In Saint John, N.B., in 1793, at the tenth anniversary of the landing of the United Empire Loyalists, cattle were roasted in the public square, and Saint John roasted cattle again in 1815 when word of the Battle of Waterloo arrived. Meanwhile, in Georgia, barbecues became a feature of political and religious gatherings, with hogs being cooked on spits in king-sized pits. Many a governor, congressman and senator of Georgia was elected to the aroma of barbecued hog meat, and the political barbecue moved north in the presidential campaign of 1876 when the Republican Party paraded two oxen through New York and Brooklyn, then barbecued them over a coke fire. The first ox weighed nine hundred and eighty-three pounds and was eaten, with eight hundred loaves of bread, in twenty minutes.

The domestic barbecue was brought into full bloom in California, where the warm winters, love of fads and fancy homes, and a peculiar propensity — probably traceable to homesick northerners — for building fires, has resulted in the building of barbecue installations so elaborate that they sometimes form another wing of the home. Some Californians start with a barbecue in a patio, then add a fireplace, sink, bar, ice-cube maker, oven, refrigerator, cabinets, record player, colored lights, rustic furniture, ornamental shrubbery — and sometimes even a roof and removable windows, practically bringing the whole deal back indoors and adding another unit to the home that can cost in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. Some homes are now designed with a barbecue room, the barbecue backing onto a fireplace which is in another room. Others have a living room and an elaborate outdoor barbecue separated only by a picture window, so that it's hard to tell where the house ends and the grounds begin.

One architect designed a room with a wall that opens up permitting the host to stand inside and barbecue his dinner outside.

This trend toward making the barbecue a part of the home is beginning to take hold in British Columbia. California-style bungalows being built on the slopes of West Vancouver have been designed so that the living-room fireplace opens front and back — into the house and onto the garden. A barbecue is built into the garden opening and the single chimney carries off smoke from both the indoor fire and the outdoor barbecue pit. In some cases a roof is built out over the barbecue area, making it possible to cook and eat outdoors whatever the weather.

Desmond Muirhead & Associates, landscape architects who lay out gardens for B. C.'s wealthy families, have been called in to design many large barbecues in recent years, some of them costing as much as five hundred dollars. They built one of their most elaborate jobs for M. J. Foley, vice-president of the Powell River Company Limited, whose large home sits in the heart of Vancouver's posh Shaughnessy district. This barbecue was made an integral part of the Cabana — an outbuilding by the heated swimming pool and housing dressing rooms, showers and linen closets. A brick cooking pit stands on a paved patio open on three sides but protected overhead by a roof. Ten steaks can be cooked at one time on a flat grid above the charcoal fire or on turning spits at the front.

A barbecue that will serve one hundred guests has been built for corporation executive S. J. Crowe, of West Vancouver. Its chimney is equipped with a warming oven and its spit is electrically operated. But one of the biggest barbecues on the west coast is owned by B. C.'s Lieutenant Governor Clarence Wallace. Built of colorful Arizona sandstone, it stands over eight feet high.

But if you haven't the money for such big-budget affairs as these, there's no reason you should go without. Throughout Canada building barbecues is rapidly becoming a giant do-it-yourself fad. A Canadian magazine published plans for a barbecue that can be made from one hundred and sixty bricks that can be stacked up in half an hour, and a design for a quickie affair that can be made of two dozen bricks and the rack from an oven. One ingenious Toronto salesman designed a table-high barbecue out of ninety-two bricks, a piece of sand screen and a camp grid. Whenever he moves — and he's had to move five times in two years — he takes it apart and moves his bricks along with him.

Handyman magazines show how to make portable barbecues out of oil drums, barrels, wash tubs and wheelbarrows. One has demonstrated how to make a portable brazier out of a circular blade from a disk plow, for fifteen dollars; another out of the end of a hot-water boiler, for seventeen dollars; and another out of an old metal car wheel set on eight bricks, for nothing.

More permanent and decorative barbecues can be built by the average handyman from fieldstone, flagstone, cement block or brick. But the Canadian builder must remember to go down four-and-a-half feet for a footing below frost level, and to avoid the amateur mason's most common failing of ending up with leaning corners. The barbecue should be built away from trees and facing into the wind, and the chimney should have a baffle to keep the air from blowing down. Most important, the barbecue should be built to fit the iron grill and firebox. Building the barbecue first, then looking in vain for ironware to fit it, has

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caused more grief than building boats in basements. A basic permanent counter-height brick barbecue three-and-a-half feet wide, two-and-a-half feet high to the cooking top, five-and-a-half feet high to the chimney top, using five hundred bricks, can be built in three or four days for about thirty dollars. An adjustable grill costs about twenty-five dollars; with an electric spit it runs to about sixty dollars.

Oddly, barbecue cooking has been taken over largely by the men, even within the family. A man who ten years ago did nothing about supper but sniff under saucepan lids and who wouldn't dream of setting a table, today doesn't mind building a fire and putting some meat on it. One theory for the increasing number of male cooks is simply that barbecuing is done outdoors, which is man's natural domain. It's the same inherited impulse that makes him take over at a corn roast or wiener roast.

"I Cooked Supper Tonight"

Hans Fread says that it's natural for a man to be a much better cook than his wife. "A woman cooks according to the book," he says. "She never deviates. A man is more imaginative. He tries things. He'll try a new oil, a new sauce. He's interested. A lot of women have become so emancipated that they've forgotten how to cook. Man has jumped into the breach."

Women are apt to take a more cynical point of view about man's new party act. A Toronto stenographer said, wryly, "My husband takes care of all our barbecue meals. He comes home and starts right in. 'Get me the garlic salt. Hand me the tongs. Get me the fork. Hand me a bay leaf. Put some more charcoal on the fire. Bring the plates over here.' Then he tells our friends, 'I cooked supper tonight.' Holy cow! There's more to cooking supper than holding a couple of pork chops over the fire."

Barbecue entertaining has already created a new set of rules and standards. One of the commonest faults of hosts is to delay making the fire, then suddenly remember it and either make all the guests wait until they are nearly swooning with hunger waiting for the fire to burn down to coals, or start to cook on the flames, which makes the meat taste like something salvaged. A lot of cooks keep poking impatiently at the fire. This won't permit it to form proper coals and sprays the roast with smoking particles that taint the meat.

A disastrous mistake is to start the fire with alcohol, anti-freeze, kerosene, diesel oil or lighter fluid. This can not only set fire to the barbecue, but the guests and the house as well. It will also give the steak the flavor of having been broiled in a grease pit. Some permanent barbecues have gas jets to start the fire. In the absence of that, the best starter is kindling but care should be taken in selecting it—there's a danger in flavoring the fire with some

woods. Pine for instance gives the food a fine taste of turpentine.

A particularly gruesome type of barbecue host is the one who figures that because it's outdoors, anything goes in the way of rough-and-ready handling of food. Many people have sat watching with pale faces a host making the fire and doing various chores around the fire and away from it, and then, without washing his hands, begin lovingly to flatten down the meat with his fingers.

Another mistake is to burn garbage and trash in a barbecue. Bricks have a way of storing bad smells and releasing them again when they warm up. The only way they can be cleaned again is by sandblasting.

Barbecues have brought in their own brand of pest. One of the worst and the most common is the guest who can always cook better than the host. "There's always some guy," one man told me, "who says, 'I was at a barbecue supper the other night and they served the most terrific sauce I've ever tasted. Here, I'll show you how to make it.'"

Cooking outdoors has other minor hazards. Neighborhood dogs are inclined to gather from blocks around, cross-eyed with desire at the smell of food. Barbecue fans frequently have neighbors who can't resist leaning on the fence and giving a few instructions. Complete fiascos also happen. One baggy-eyed young Toronto bachelor lawyer with a butch haircut still tells of a wide-open evening when he panicked during a fire-pit flare-up and doused the flames with a Martini. He suffered such a burn that he ended up in a doctor's office.

As in all fads, the initial enthusiasm sometimes dies fast. The barbecues of many families remain a monument to a fashion in living, a catchall for leaves and papers and a perch for pigeons, while the family slips back into cooking indoors on electric ranges, frying pans, electric kettles and pop-up toasters. But for every one of these, there's an increasing number of families who are using their barbecues from the time of the appearance of the first robins until partridge season. The barbecue ritual has added its weight to the general breakdown of formality in the home, which is daily becoming more functional and less formal. The dining room has already nearly disappeared, and the barbecue shows indications of finishing off the dinette and the kitchen table.

People who a generation ago wouldn't have eaten in their shirt sleeves are now sitting around barbecues in shorts, bathing suits, pedal pushers and blue jeans, and generally dining as casually as if they were at a corn roast.

Good or bad from the point of view of manners, it has brought with it a lot of tasty dishes, it has cut down on the consumption of thickened gravy, and, as one man pointed out: "When you're eating outdoors around a barbecue, you can't watch TV—yet." ★

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My Husband Ate His Boots

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

days' journey. Cut off from white people, shut up among Red Indian savages. Oh what vast solitudes! What extreme loneliness! . . . Nothing in nature to smile upon us for eight months. No sight or sound of civilization. No European Christian to mingle with, or fellow-worker to shake the hand, join in mutual sympathetic intercourse and say: 'Go on, brother; I believe in your work.'

Yet to us Fort Norman was virtual civilization, for we were headed five hundred miles as the crow flies farther into the wasteland. Our final stopping point, the last outpost of the white man in the north before Herschel, was Fort McPherson tucked away at the point where the great Peel River sweeps down from the mountains to melt into

the labyrinth of the Mackenzie delta. Here was Archdeacon Robert McDonald, a gaunt leathery missionary with a flowing white beard who might have been Methuselah himself, and his doll-like Indian wife, Julia. They had existed for forty years at this outpost and during this time had performed the prodigious feat of translating the entire Bible, prayer book and three hundred hymns into one Eskimo and two Indian dialects. They were leaving for England to see their translations through the press; we decided, therefore, that our first trip to Herschel would be preliminary, partly because the McDonalds needed a replacement, partly because I was going to become a mother.

Late in July, accompanied by a young missionary, Charles Whittaker, we set off in a whaleboat manned by three Indians on the circuitous four-hundred-mile journey through the bleak maze of the delta and around the coastline to the little island. As we emerged finally into the Arctic I recalled the words of an earlier bishop,

W. C. Bompas, who wrote that coming upon the ocean for the first time was "rather like the feeling of having caught a lion asleep." The atmosphere was certainly weird and forbidding. The steel-grey horizon rose above the black sea, shot through here and there by lurid streaks of color as the sun's rays glanced off rocks and ice. The shores were entangled by gnarled thickets of driftwood which had been washed down the great river. Stirred by chill erratic blasts, they looked like dancing witches.

We stopped off briefly at an Eskimo village, where I ate my first raw whale-meat. Here there occurred a dramatic incident, the first of many I was to experience in the Arctic. The captain of a whaling ship had sent a bottle of whisky to the Eskimo leader. The native drank most of it but offered the remainder to our Mr. Whittaker, who poured it out onto the earth. The Eskimo at once seized the empty bottle, smashed it against a pole, grabbed our friend and challenged him to a duel with knives or guns. A brief

scuffle ensued which was fortunately broken up by Isaac who raced to the scene. My husband was a full six feet tall and as broad-shouldered as he was handsome. He was no tea-drinking parson, but all he-man, as he was to prove many times in the north. He broke up the duel, but that night I slept with two knives and an axe under my pillow and prayed the chief would get over his animosity. The following morning the chief, still drunk, terrified me by popping his head into the tent. He told me he did not wish to kill me—only Mr. Whittaker. Fortunately he sobered up eventually and relented completely. He and Mr. Whittaker became fast friends and were always exchanging gifts. The chief said God had spared both their lives and intended them to be lifelong partners, which they became.

We set out again for Herschel Island and as we neared our destination the grey mournful sea became studded with floating ice. On the horizon lay the hump of the island, naked of trees and rocky of surface, its grey beach broken only by a few rough buildings that belonged to an American whaling company. The whalers had been anchoring here since 1890 for this was the era of the whalebone corset and the Arctic was alive with these mammals whose mouths each yielded about a ton of bone worth five dollars a pound.

Imprisoned by Ice

We threaded our way through the floating ice, across the black waters as the late evening sun glinted on the peaks of the mountains on the mainland to the south. Soon we had reached the land—rolling uninviting hills clothed in coarse grasses, mosses and lichens with the occasional bright tangle of poppies, forget-me-nots, monkshood and high-bush cranberry. We moved almost immediately into the sod hut that my husband had built on a previous visit. It was primitive enough, with wild grasses sprouting from the roof, but it offered us protection against the gales and sudden blizzards that, even in the brief two months of summer, spring up without warning in this forlorn land. Early in September we started to return to Fort McPherson but winter found us before the journey was complete. By the time we reached the delta I was taking my turn cracking away with an oar at the skin of ice forming on the water. Finally we were completely imprisoned. We cached the boat and camped out on the uninviting shore. It was now plainly impossible for me to walk the rest of the way, for I was heavy with child and a dog team had to be dispatched from the Fort to carry me there. In December I gave birth to our first child, a daughter. My husband, who had had some medical training, was my only attendant. I was tough and healthy and didn't worry and the little girl's birth seemed a happy omen. We christened her Rowena Victoria and I have always thought it curious that, born in the midwinter Arctic wastes, she should have spent most of her adult life in the tropical heat of India where her husband, too, is a bishop on a frontier of a different kind.

The following spring we settled down on Herschel Island for a four-year stay. We had with us my uncle, William D. Young, who had come north with us. When Isaac married me in Ontario he remarked to my uncle how difficult it was to find a lay helper to accompany us. My uncle said that if he failed to find anybody, then he would go himself. He kept his promise and sold his farm to throw in his lot with us on an island in the Arctic.

The lumber we had intended to use



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to build our home had been appropriated by the whaling company during the winter. In return they gave us two rooms in the back of their warehouse where the whalebone and walrus tusks were stored. This bare cold accommodation seemed strangely appropriate in this land of howling gales, black seas, drifting ice, wandering polar bears, half-civilized Eskimos and weird cycles of perpetual daylight and perpetual dark. Just fifteen feet from our back door the Arctic waters lapped the rocks, and from a post by the door ropes were strung out to the whaling ships to guide the crews back ashore in darkness and fog. Isaac said we must make those ropes the symbol of the link we were to provide with God and thus we determined to make the best of it.

I set about making the rooms as cheerful as possible. The bigger one would be church, school and first-aid centre. The smaller would serve as kitchen, parlor and bedroom for the four of us. Here I laid out a rag carpet, a big writing desk, an eight-day clock, a sewing machine and a dear little portable organ—all brought two thousand miles north from the end of steel by rowboat, steamer and oxcart. We slept in bunks covered with deerskin; we dressed in clothes made of caribou hide and trimmed with wolverine fur; we lived on caribou, moose, mountain sheep, seal, duck, goose and the occasional dry groceries that I bought once a year on a shopping trip to Fort McPherson.

The nearest white settlement was four hundred miles travel away and the nearest city lay half a continent distant, but Herschel Island in the summer was by no means empty of human life. The great whaling ships, each manned by a crew of thirty, were continually unloading walrus ivory at the warehouse. Sometimes there were as many as sixteen in harbor. Most of them came from San Francisco and all tried to flee the onset of winter, but often enough one or two ships would be caught in the ice and their crews imprisoned on the island for ten months.

I remember how stunned the sixty-odd sailors were when this first happened. They sang sad songs around my organ (Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?) and waited wistfully for the spring. I soon found myself running a day school for Eskimo children and a night school for whalers. My most popular subject was shorthand and four of my pupils were so good that they eventually quit whaling and obtained clerical jobs.

We seldom had much privacy in our home which the Eskimos now called the Igloopuk, or Big House. Sick seamen and sick Eskimos slept beside us in new bunks constructed by my uncle. Isaac soon found he had to save men's bodies as well as their souls and we were only a few months on the island when he found it necessary to chop off a sailor's fingers to save him from gangrene. Isaac had other tasks: he discovered, pressed and mounted sixty previously unknown flowers on the island and sent them to the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa. He collected birds' eggs and sent them to an ornithologist in Toronto. He persuaded the Eskimos to make two new native costumes, one for a man and one for a woman, and these he presented to the Royal Ontario Museum.

But it was the superstitions of the natives that occupied most of his time. Although the Eskimos used modern rifles and steel tools bought from the whalers, they lived under aboriginal conditions. Many of them had reached maturity before ever seeing a white man. Murder was common among them and, to a large extent, they were governed by the medicine men who be-

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HIS ESTATE WOULD RECEIVE:

A. Monthly Income of \$50 for 30 years (to assured's age 60)	\$18,000.00
B. Return of One Premium	\$ 166.65
TOTAL DEATH BENEFIT	\$18,166.65

IF DEATH OCCURRED AT THE END OF THE 20th YEAR

HIS ESTATE WOULD RECEIVE:

A. Monthly Income of \$50 for 10 years	\$ 6,000.00
B. Return of 20 Premiums	\$ 3,333.00
C. Accumulated Dividends	\$ 1,060.20*
TOTAL	\$10,393.20

OR

IF HE LIVES TO AGE 65

HE WILL RECEIVE:

A. Return of 30 Premiums	\$ 5,000.00
B. Plus Accumulated Dividends for 35 years.	

IF DEATH OCCURRED AT THE END OF THE 10th YEAR

HIS ESTATE WOULD RECEIVE:

A. Monthly Income of \$50 for 20 years	\$12,000.00
B. Return of 10 Premiums	\$ 1,666.50
C. Accumulated Dividends	\$ 351.60*
TOTAL	\$14,018.10

*The dividends shown illustrate the 1955 dividend scale. Future dividends will depend upon actual earnings of the Company.



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came openly hostile as soon as we began to undermine the ancient shibboleths on which their power rested.

First we had to tackle the drink problem. With some difficulty Isaac got the whaler captains to sign a promise to stop bartering whisky for ivory. This solved little, for an Eskimo named Avumnuuk with great ingenuity invented a brew of his own—a filthy and hellish mixture fermented and distilled from flour, molasses, raisins, yeast and, of all things, tobacco. He called it Tonga and it drove men to murder.

Isaac finally rid Herschel Island of Tonga by buying Avumnuuk's still during one of the periodic food shortages, for two sacks of groceries. Twenty Eskimos watched the transaction wonderingly while the two men bartered and haggled—Isaac piling on more tea and tobacco which Avumnuuk coveted until the still was his. Then Isaac seized an axe and smashed the still to pieces. A murmur of disapproval rippled through the throng and we thought the situation might get ugly but the natives soon forgot about it and that was the last of Tonga in our time.

Although Isaac, with his medical knowledge, was able to save many of the sick from death, he was constantly hampered by the medicine men. This silent struggle between Christian and pagan came to a climax with the case of Okpik, a young Eskimo who had pneumonia. It proved to be the turning point of our career on the island.

It seemed certain to the medicine men that Okpik would die. They had tied a little carved stick to his ankle which meant the wearer was doomed. Normally Okpik would have been taken out and left to freeze to death but his brother pleaded with Isaac for help.

Isaac knew the only chance for Okpik was careful nursing in our own home. He also knew that if Okpik died, as well he might, there was no further hope for a missionary on Herschel. The tribe observed the taboo of never entering a dwelling where someone had died; if Okpik died under our roof no one would return for lessons or religious instruction.

Before we made our decision about Okpik, Isaac and I and Uncle William all knelt down on the hard boards of the warehouse and prayed for help. Then we took Okpik in. For days he hovered between life and death while the medicine men gleefully ran around telling the tribe: "We told you so." The suspense was quite terrible but in the end we cured him. We cured him so well he went straight off on a mountain-sheep hunt and from then on we began to gain ascendancy over the medicine men.

We scored a second victory with the strange case of a sixty-year-old Eskimo called Toongok, an Eskimo name meaning evil spirit. For all of his years this wretched creature had been ostracized by his fellows simply because he had been born with a full set of teeth. When his mother clung to him, she too was cast off by the tribe. Toongok had never been able to find a wife and had lived with his mother all his life. Now she was eighty; both were too feeble to hunt; no one would help them; each was slowly dying of malnutrition.

One day Toongok staggered into our house, gaunt and emaciated, with a terrible story. He had been forced to abandon his mother to die in the snows forty miles away. They had eaten their dogs and were slowly starving when the old woman pleaded with her son to leave her.

Isaac decided there was a bare chance the woman might be alive and determined at once to save her. When he reached the spot indicated by

The missionary had to break the power of the witchcraft: Okpik must not die

Toongok he could see nothing but a waste of freshly fallen snow. A less experienced man might have given up, but Isaac at once began to prod about with sticks.

And then, from the very snows beneath him, there came a muffled voice crying, "Have you come back, my son?"

It was Toongok's mother, buried in snow. Isaac dug her up, revived her with hot tea and brought her back to camp where we gave her food and clothing. When the tribe saw that we were not afraid of evil spirits they too began, timidly, to give aid. As a result, the tough old woman lived for several more years.

There was also living with the tribe at this time a man called Chaomik, or "The Grave," because he had once been left to die in the snow but had revived in the warm sun after three days of exposure. Poor Chaomik was a marked man from then on and no woman would marry him, but he did receive some satisfaction from his experience on an Easter Sunday when Isaac was telling the Eskimos how Jesus arose after the third day. Immediately Chaomik stood up, slapped his chest and cried, "All the same me!"

"As Wise as the Weasel"

Hardly a day went by that did not bring with it some minor alarm. One day a terrified Eskimo woman ran into our house followed by her husband brandishing a knife. Isaac seized the man, took away his weapon and bundled him out into the snow. The Eskimo had planned to murder his wife simply because she had refused to repair a child's shoes.

All this time Isaac was slowly and laboriously learning the Eskimo language until he became so proficient in it that he was able to translate the Lord's Prayer, Grace Before Meat, the Ten Commandments, many texts of scripture and twenty hymns into the native tongue.

This was no easy feat, for the Eskimo had no written language. Isaac wrote each word phonetically into the English alphabet and then, when he had enough down in writing, began to teach the tribe to read. The Eskimos were amazed and delighted when they discovered that eventually they could read words and even sentences. Before we left the island all the children could read and a few could do simple arithmetic.

Of course exact translations were meaningless and Isaac had to improvise. The sixteenth verse of the tenth chapter of Matthew, for instance, he changed from: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves" to "Be ye therefore wise as a weasel and harmless as a seal pup." Before we left the island we were able to bequeath the tribe a small library. We typed and mimeographed each page ourselves and bound the result in oilcloth wrappers stitched on my sewing machine.

Meanwhile I learned something about housekeeping in the Arctic of the Nineties. I made an oven out of old biscuit tins. I made a cookie cutter from a cocoa-tin lid and a rolling pin from a whisky bottle. I made bread in enormous batches and froze it solid in the icehouse so that it was always as fresh as the day it was baked. Our water supply came from a pool two miles away and we stacked it in frozen chunks in a special rack outside the

door. We bathed in a zinc tub purchased from a whaler. It was only big enough to stand up in and sponge oneself, so that for four years I never had a proper bath. Our meat was stored in frozen blocks that had to be chopped apart with an axe, but we fared well on such delicacies as moose nose, caribou tongue and beaver tail.

The remoteness of our existence was never lost on us. Mail, for instance, arrived only twice a year. It came up from Edmonton almost two thousand miles by Hudson's Bay dog sled to Fort McPherson. From there another relay of Indians brought it across the frozen Arctic to us. I will never forget the heartbreaking day when the winter mail arrived and the Indian told us his load was so heavy that he had had to cache half of it. He brought those bundles which he thought most important: to my dismay they consisted entirely of advertising circulars. It was six months before we recovered the personal letters we longed for so much.

By the time our third Christmas came around on Herschel the Eskimos knew enough about its spiritual significance to celebrate it in the traditional manner. So Isaac and I built a Christmas tree out of a pole and some barrel hoops and hung it with presents: clasp knives, bandanna handkerchiefs, cups and saucers. I played Santa Claus, but not too convincingly, for one old Eskimo fingered my red robe and said sceptically, "Santa Claus, he no come far. No hoarfrost on his clothes."

That spring I gave birth to my first son. Once again, my husband was my only attendant. We named him, appropriately, Herschel.

The baby came at an awkward time. Isaac was planning a three-hundred-mile trip and would have to leave before the ice broke. But just as he was hitching up the dogs a terrible commotion broke out. An old Eskimo woman insisted that the young native girl tending the new baby was cursed. At first I put it down to jealousy but soon discovered how serious the old creature was when she tried to hang herself from a beam.

"I can't leave you with a situation like this," Isaac said. "I'll give up the trip." But I knew he had promised the Eskimos that he would visit them and had promised the whalers that he would take along the mail, and I persuaded him to continue. In the end I hired both women but didn't let either touch the baby. With the whalers now gone, Uncle William and I were the only white people left on the island.

I think back on it now, at the end of my life—the lonely treeless island, the childlike natives and myself, the only white woman with two tiny children and a husband far away among the trackless snows and sometimes I wonder how I managed. But with God's help I did.

In the fall of 1901, after four years on Herschel, we took a furlough to the outside world. We sailed aboard a whaler; I signed on as stewardess and Isaac as ship's doctor. It was a rough tough voyage. The children were deathly seasick, our cabin and clothes were occasionally drenched by tons of water that poured in through the skylight during the storms that rake the Arctic coast. We were aboard that ship for three solid months and only ashore twice. It was November when we reached San Francisco and as I walked down the gangplank I could feel the stares of the women on the dock-

side boring clean through me. It was a little while before I divined the reason: I had left Toronto five years before in the days when big sleeves and wide skirts were in fashion. Now all the dresses were straight up and down and I looked like a quaint creature from the past, which, in many ways, I suppose I was. For the first time I realized how long we had been away from civilization.

We did not return to the Arctic but went instead to the Klondike.

Isaac was appointed Bishop of the Yukon and we found ourselves living in Dawson City which, after Herschel Island, seemed a veritable Paris. Although ours was the only log cathedral in the world, Dawson with its gay social life seemed anything but primitive. If my husband had been content to stay in the town he might easily have forgotten that his new diocese covered two hundred thousand square miles and was the biggest, least settled and most northerly on earth.

Swathed in his traveling furs he was indistinguishable from the prospectors, trappers, traders and policemen on the trail. Once in northern Yukon he met a teamster traveling in the opposite direction. "How is the trail ahead?" he asked. The teamster wiped his nose on his sleeve and described it in a stream of obscenity and profanity. Then he asked, "And how is the trail you've traveled?" Isaac sighed and said, "Just the same, just the same."

In 1909 he had an experience that made him world famous and caused him to be known until his death in 1934 as The Bishop Who Ate His Boots. With C. F. Johnson, a lay worker, he was traveling by canoe from Fort McPherson south to Dawson City, a distance of some five hundred miles through muskeg and bush and over the steep mountain divide that is

part of the backbone of the continent.

It was late September and the chilling cold suddenly came down upon them, freezing the rivers and making canoe travel impossible. They were in wild country dressed in light clothing and with few provisions. Snow began to fall in a thick blanket and a wall of fog descended, blotting out the pass through the divide that might lead them back to Fort McPherson and safety. They made themselves snowshoes of willow boughs and strips of moccasins and plunged blindly into the blizzard. But Isaac knew they were lost.

For three weeks they existed on provisions designed for three days' travel, until all they had left was a handful of breakfast cereal. They scratched under the fresh snow for cranberries and managed to get a rabbit and a ptarmigan to gnaw on. But they were both growing weaker and thinner and each was racked by worry about his family. (I was expecting another baby that month.) Their horror was increased by the fact that after a heavy day of mushing they would arrive back at the spot where they started from.

Isaac now decided to heed an old Indian tale he had heard of some starving natives who boiled and ate beaver skins after scorching off the hair. He had no beaver skins but he did have some extra Eskimo boots with seal-skin tops and whale-skin soles and he and his companion decided to eat them. They tried boiling the hide for many hours and then toasting it piece by piece over the coals. Isaac's diary entries tell, as vividly as I can, what happened next:

Oct. 17th: Traveled fifteen miles. Made supper of toasted rawhide seal-skin boots. Palatable. Feel encouraged.

Oct. 18th: Traveled all day. Ate more pieces of my sealskin boots boiled and



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*by SCHWARZKOPF OF VIENNA

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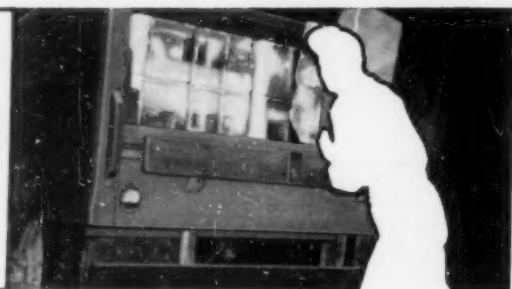
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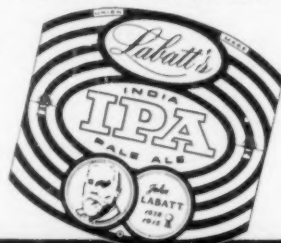
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toasted. Used sole first. Set rabbit snares.

Oct. 19th: No rabbit in snare. Breakfast and dinner of rawhide boots. Fine. But not enough.

Oct. 20th: Breakfast from top of boots. Not so good as sole.

Oct. 21st: Boot soles and tops. Very tired. Hands sore. Tied up Mr. Johnson's fingers.

This was the last entry he made.

That morning they came to a great river. One man climbed a hill to look at the terrain, the other hacked through the ice to see which way the water was running. In this way they located themselves. They were on the Peel and soon, in the distance, they heard the barking of dogs and the welcome sound of children's voices. They realized help was near and both men stood and thanked God for bringing them to safety. They kept on, walking very slowly, for each had lost fifty pounds. When they reached the camp their Indian friends failed to recognize them even when Isaac called them by name. At last one man asked, "Is it really the Bishop?" They recuperated with the Indians and then Isaac started back the long weary road over the divide, this time with dog team and sled. When he reached Circle City, Alaska, he wired me laconically: "Have been delayed by ice. Expect to reach Dawson by Christmas. Wire me news at once." I wired back: "Son born October 28; all well here." I received the wire from him on December 9 and it was the first intimation I had since September that my husband was actually alive. (The New York papers had, indeed, reported us both dead.) Just a year later, on the same divide, four Mounted Police starved and died, one by one, after eating their dogs and leather sleigh traces.

Would He Fail Us Now?

As the years passed by I grew more and more worried about Isaac's health. His absences from home, sometimes for as long as three months, filled me with suspense. His eyes had been weakened by snow blindness and his heart strained by mountain journeys. I knew the Indian guides often traveled too fast for him and so I determined to go myself on as many trips as possible to slow them down.

I remember the toughest of these, in the hot humid mosquito-ridden summer of 1924 when we were both in our fifties. We trudged for a hundred miles through the northern tip of the Rockies to Fort McPherson with four Indians. One of these was an ancient native named William Blindgoose who pleaded to go at the last moment, for he wanted to see his family and was too old to travel alone. Isaac told him it was impossible, that there wasn't enough food.

"In the old days," said William, "God always provided for us on the trail. Do you think He will fail us now?" To a missionary this was unanswerable; William could come.

Off we went, Isaac dressed like an Indian and I in Norfolk jacket and voluminous tweed bloomers. We had more than five hundred pounds of provisions between us and six Husky dogs. For three days we struggled through niggerhead swamps, goose-stepping from one tufted mound to the next and often slipping into the slime, while the insatiable mosquitoes made our days a torture. There followed three days of stiff climbs and descents and fording rivers and mountain torrents. Sometimes I was so hot I literally steamed as I walked, and sometimes so cold I had to wrap a blanket around me when we stopped to eat.

On the sixth day we ran out of meat and potatoes and were reduced to flour

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and raisins. We saw a caribou but it was Sunday and none of us cared to shoot it on that day. Next morning we discovered that feeble old William Blindgoose had left hours before us, taking his rifle. Isaac feared he would die on the trail.

Then, in the distance, we saw two pillars of smoke. "William got two caribou!" one of the Indians cried.

It was a tough ten-mile trek to William's smoke and when we reached the site I collapsed from exhaustion. But the caribou kidneys and steak made the trip worth while. William's faith had been vindicated; the Lord had provided. Three days later we were in Fort McPherson listening to the Indian and Eskimo children singing hymns.

Thus the years rolled on. When we had first gone to the Arctic thirty years before the natives had been illiterate pagans. Now they were converted to Christianity and nearly all the children could read and write in their own languages and many in English too. One of the proudest days in Isaac's life was when he ordained Thomas Umaok, an Eskimo who as a small boy thirty years earlier had attended our school on Herschel.

The Bishop's work was never done but it was never dull either. He was constantly at work, founding a hostel for halfbreed children, marrying off old sourdoughs, finding orphan babies for childless women, and trekking endlessly about the country. As he grew older I stayed as close to his side as possible and there were few arduous journeys on which I did not accompany him. Many of them were hundreds of miles long.

The most rewarding was a trip in 1927 to Cambridge Bay in the southeast corner of Victoria Island, a thousand miles east of the Mackenzie delta. I was the first white woman to set foot on these barren shores. On the return journey we pitched our tent on an island off the coast and it was here that we received convincing proof that all our years in the Arctic had not been spent in vain.

In the small hours of the morning there came a scrabbling at the tent flaps and a moment or so later they opened to reveal the face of an Eskimo. I asked him sharply what he meant by this invasion of privacy. He replied humbly that he had brought his family many miles to see the Bishop and to hear him conduct a service. I nudged Isaac who looked up in astonishment to see twenty Eskimos kneeling around our tent door. He smiled and reached at once for the prayer book that he always kept under his pillow.

Some of the Eskimos took out prayer books in their own language and then, lying on his side in bed and propped up on one elbow, my husband led them in matins.

Here, perhaps, was the climax of our long and fruitful life together in the Arctic.

Above us arched the sombre dome of the Arctic dawn. Before us stretched the black waters of the Arctic Ocean. In the distance one of the Eskimo dogs gave throat to that melancholy howl that has always suggested to me the Arctic people's longing for God. And around our tent door the Eskimos chanted the canticle Benedicite in the sure knowledge that at last He was near.

O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord;
O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord;
O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord;
O ye Lightness and Darkness, bless ye the Lord;
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever. ★

Have We Gone Too Far With the Atom Tests?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

need for powers of destruction greater than those already developed.

A calculated risk might be considered reasonable to attain greater precision in a war that all common sense says must never be waged, but the present alarm rises as much as anything from the fact that the risk we are now taking has not been calculated. At least it has not been calculated by the powers that be to the satisfaction of independent scientists. The authoritative Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, which speaks mainly for physicists who have been but are no longer associated with the atom-bomb laboratories and the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States, and the large and influential Federation of American Scientists have both called for a cessation of all further test explosions. Danger certainly exists, but it's hard to say just what is dangerous and what is not.

The fact is that as individuals we are particularly vulnerable to radiation of all kinds, while our reproductive cells of either sex are far more vulnerable since so much more depends upon their integrity or normality. You may get along perfectly well if a number of your body cells have been damaged by radiation, but if a cell that is in large part responsible for the growth and development of a whole new human being is injured in even the slightest way the result may be anything from moronic to monstrous. It comes to this, that we of the Atomic Age are beginning to play with a new kind of fire, knowing only that the flame is hot and that we as material are inflammable.

No Time for Secrecy

This is no time for official secrecy or for soothing words. We need candor in high places, with less fear that the Russians might learn something concerning the maintenance or the destruction of human health; and if behind the curtain of security the military authorities are acting and planning without adequate knowledge or consideration of biological consequences, we should know how we stand. According to Dr. George LeRoy of the University of Chicago, who was one of the original members of the army medical team studying the atomic-radiation effects on the survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, even important new medical knowledge concerning how to treat nuclear-explosion survivors is being needlessly withheld. Testifying before a subcommittee of the U. S. senate this year he declared that he found it difficult to understand why the Atomic Energy Commission had imposed secrecy about the effect of radiation, flash burns and the fall-out. Even if the possibilities are as grim as some people suspect, a frank and open discussion of the matter is far more preferable than a stultifying fear of the unknown.

Even if we put aside the thought of atomic war with all its terrible consequences, we are still faced with an atomic age that must be taken seriously. Apart from the prospect of continuing to set off test explosions as part of the program of an armed peace, there will be an increasing hazard to life and posterity as atomic power plants are built and operated in increasing numbers as the years go by. Atomic energy will steadily take over



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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO LABATT'S

Safety measures at atomic power plants are still not guaranteed entirely foolproof

as other sources of energy such as coal and oil become scarcer and more expensive. And as atomic plants multiply, especially during the experimental periods, the possibility of industrial accidents will be high. Atomic accidents and irresponsible disposal of atomic wastes are possibilities we will have to contend with as long as we have atomic fuel to burn. As hazards they may be less immediately startling than explosions of fission-fusion bombs, but in the long run they present the greater threat.

At present we are worrying most about the nature and effect of test-bomb fall-outs. A hydrogen or fusion-bomb explosion craters the earth immediately beneath it and the pulverized soil and subsoil are swept into the fireball where the particles become coated with radioactive fission products. As the dust cloud is carried downwind, high in the stratosphere, the heavier and more dangerous particles fall to the earth and may lethally contaminate the ground. The lighter particles are carried further away and may travel halfway round the world before rain or snow carries them down to earth.

Cows Are Radioactive

Japanese scientists have been analyzing the nature of radioactive snow and rain for several years as a means of checking on atomic explosions in North America and Russia, while radioactive clouds have been detected passing over eastern Canada shortly after most of the Nevada explosions in the southwestern desert. According to Dr. James Foulks, professor of pharmacology at the University of British Columbia, all the cattle in the world already appear to have been affected by radioactive fall-out from hydrogen and fusion-bomb explosions. He states that radioactive iodine has accumulated to a significant extent in the thyroid gland of cattle on every continent. Grazing animals would naturally concentrate any such substances contaminating their grazing territory, and radio-iodine, like ordinary iodine, tends naturally to collect in the thyroid gland, although in this case the effects are likely to be more disturbing to the cattle than to human beings since we do not eat the glands. Yet it is evidence of the universal character of the fall-out, and if the radiation level of the fall-out from recent Nevada tests reported from Columbia, Mo., turns out to be correct, it can be disturbingly high.

Fall-outs however may originate in test explosions thousands of miles away, as at present, or they may originate locally and on a smaller scale within population centres in the future. Dr. George Weil, of the Atomic Energy Commission at Washington, recently gave a vivid account of the possible consequences of an accident in an atomic power plant. Speaking to the Atomic Industrial Forum in New York he said the danger arises from the fact that such plants will at all times contain large quantities of radioactive materials, including radioactive fuel and fission products, and particularly because a power plant will at times contain much more than enough fissionable material to cause an explosion if things go wrong.

Fissionable materials are bound to accumulate during fuel consumption and as power is generated, and if inhaled or swallowed some of them

would be from three million to one thousand million times as toxic as chlorine, which until now has been the most deadly of the common industrial poisons. The greater danger however arises from the fact that under certain circumstances enough fissionable material may accumulate to start a runaway reaction, culminating in an escape of a radioactive cloud of dust or vapor. As Dr. Edward Teller, of H-bomb fame, has said: "There is still no foolproof system that couldn't be made to work wrongly by a big enough fool." If such a cloud of fission products drifted away from a power plant at the rate of three or four miles an hour, people in its path for several miles would inhale lethal quantities, and if the cloud should touch the ground the lethal distance would extend much farther, with various degrees of non-lethal or delayed injuries affecting a much wider area. Dr. Weil recommended that since it is generally impractical for a power industry to be situated in remote unpopulated regions and too expensive to build on sites large enough to contain possible damage, buildings must be built both gas-tight and fission-tight, with warning systems constructed to enable a community to run from the path of any fission cloud that might escape.

Possibly a completely satisfactory power-plant design will eventually be devised, but during the long experimental period between now and then accidents may happen. The shutdown at Chalk River shows that they occur in even the best-regulated atomic piles. In this case a crack in the reactor allowed a stream of neutrons and other products to escape and contaminate the plant with radioactivity, although no one seems to have been injured. The plant was decontaminated within twelve months and even the bulk of the radioactive water that had escaped was recovered.

We may be lucky and accidents of this sort may be few and far between. The more imposing problem is the disposal of atomic industrial waste, for the ashes of atomic energy will be the most dangerous industrial waste ever known to man. Debris from the weapons factories of the Atomic Energy Commission and from the atomic laboratories in England has already become an expensive headache. The same wide range of radioactive fission products, some three hundred of them, are produced as by-products of atomic energy as they are in bomb explosions, and whereas radio-iodine remains significantly active for only a matter of weeks, one variety of radio-strontium—one of the commoner substances produced—stays effectively active for the better part of a century. Some, perhaps many, of these radioactive substances will find diverse peacetime uses, but not in the quantities in which they are and will be produced.

In spite of its value there are only about six pounds of radium in use in the world today. Yet, according to Dr. L. P. Hatch of the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratory at Brookhaven, Miss., by the year 2000 the annual waste output of atomic industry will be equivalent to more than 400,000 tons of radium. We cannot use more than a fraction of it, so what shall be done with the rest? One proposal recently made in England was to bury the containers in deep abandoned coal mines in the Forest of Dean, but miners in the area made such an outcry

the idea was quickly forgotten, and the tanks were dumped in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the edge of the continental shelf. Supposedly by the time the containers erode the radioactivity within will have subsided. Or will it? This deep-sea method of disposal is favored by Dr. Walter Claus, chief of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission's biophysics branch. He thinks that there are many places in the ocean where the bottom water has remained without mixing with upper levels for at least two thousand years, and that atomic wastes dumped in these chasms would not permeate upper levels to damage marine life, enter the atmosphere or injure people at sea.

On the other hand oceanographic experts state that no one knows how often the ocean turns over in its bed. There is evidence that the bulk of the cold deep-sea water sank to the bottom during the great cold period of 1810-1820, which made the surface water so heavy that it sank. Cold spells have been coming periodically and no one can tell when another one will send chilled water to the bottom, bringing to the top much of the water already down there.

What are the alternatives? If we bury the wastes in shallow ground they may eventually escape into the ground water. There seems to be no safe place on the planet to put the stuff, and it has even been suggested that we shoot the disagreeable products into space. Dr. S. F. Singer, rocket expert at the University of Maryland, reckons the cost would run to about one million dollars for every hundred pounds of atomic garbage. Perhaps some genius of the future will devise a way of turning unwanted and unkeepable fission products into something more useful and less dangerous. Otherwise the Atomic Age may turn out to be too costly in every way to go on with. In some ways it is a pity it ever started.

Will Radiation Kill You?

What radiation does to a human depends on the duration and intensity of the radiation and where it affects him. The human animal, like other animals, can live only as long as it can replace ageing and dying cells with cells that are newborn. You see this in the skin, where new tissue is continually forming at the base and old dead tissue rubs off the surface when you dry yourself after a bath. Red and white blood cells, like skin cells, are also short-lived and the marrow in your bones is forever manufacturing new ones at a fantastic rate. You would die of anaemia in a few weeks if the process ceased entirely and blood cells died without being replaced.

Radiation, whether in the form of small electrons streaming from an X-ray apparatus, or the larger and more effective neutrons from atom smashers and atom bombs, or the even larger emanations from radioactive elements, has the general effect in the living cell of a bull in a china shop, upsetting or smashing much of the delicate and carefully arranged contents. What happens depends on how great the disturbance is and how long it continues; even a small disturbance that goes on indefinitely can be disastrous. Accordingly, a cell can suffer in several degrees. It can be killed outright. It may go on living but lose its ability to divide and become two newly born cells. Or it may remain alive, vigorous and able to multiply but at the same time become a changeling capable of profound misbehavior.

If most of the cells of your body should suffer in the first degree, then you have had a fatal accident not unlike many others and your worries

are quickly over. If you have been thoroughly irradiated without being visibly burned or otherwise injured, as was the case of people in Japan just outside the blast areas of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, you go on living but you don't go on replacing ageing cells since all cells have lost their capacity to grow and multiply. Consequently as your hair falls out there is none to take its place; as your skin wears off there is no new skin forming beneath and pinpoint bleeding appears everywhere; as your red blood cells fade away no others arise to replenish the supply and

red-blood anaemia appears; as the white blood cells—the defensive cells of the body—diminish, the ever-present bacteria invade the tissues and produce mass infections. It all happens more or less at once a few weeks after exposure. It is nasty, but so are many other ways of dying and radiation exposure sufficient to cause this must be regarded simply as an accident with delayed but fatal effects. Short of a general or local catastrophe you are not likely to be so unfortunate.

There are more insidious effects however that are difficult to guard against.

The most dangerous aspect of radiation in the long run is that its effects are cumulative. Every impact is added to those that have already happened, and one of the effects is to change a normal cell into a cancer cell. Leukemia is a form of cancer of white blood cells that turns up in a certain small percentage of the human population. But physicians who, in spite of precautions, are exposed to X-rays much more often than their patients develop leukemia nearly twice as frequently. Radiologists who are working with X-rays all the time, though as cau-



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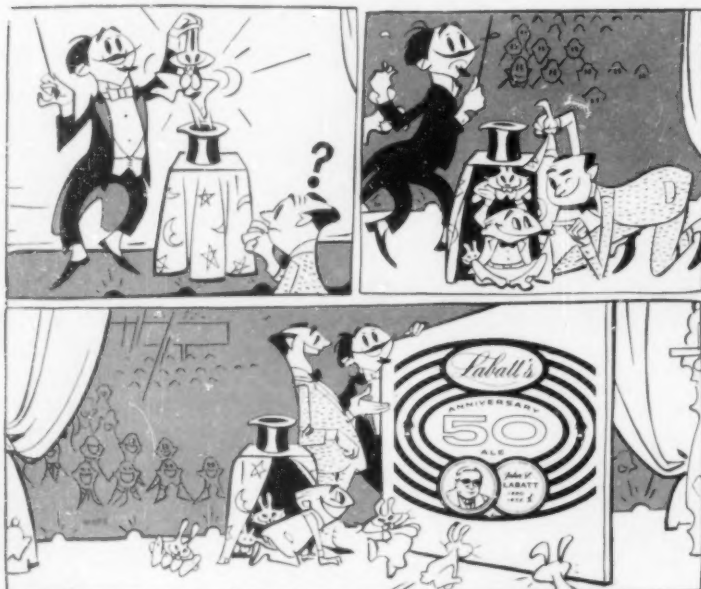


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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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Humanity may eventually find that it's incompetent to maintain the Atomic Age

tiously as possible, develop the disease eight to ten times as often as other physicians. This however is simply an occupational hazard like that of the European uranium miners. If you are apprehensive you merely need to avoid becoming either a radiologist or a uranium miner. Yet the effects are basically similar although produced in somewhat different ways.

The X-rays produce vast streams of infinitesimal electrons which penetrate the whole body and are able to interfere directly with the young white blood cells being produced in the bone marrow. The X-ray machine itself is the source of trouble and shoots from a distance. The radioactive particles of uranium that lodge in the lung of a miner are dangerously radiative only over a very short distance, but within that distance lie plenty of cells and sooner or later one of them may get deranged in such a way as to become a malignant cancer cell, giving rise to cancer of the lung. Any radioactive particle lodging in the lung is likely to produce the same effect. Radium or radio-strontium, which is a common fission product of atomic explosions, however, ends up in bone and gives rise to multiple bone cancers, generally after some years' delay.

Danger Lies In Future

The question now facing us as individuals is whether the fall-out particles produced by the test explosions to date are likely to affect us in this way. The answer is that so far we are in no such danger unless we live close to a testing ground or get caught unexpectedly near an explosion, like the Japanese fishermen on the Lucky Dragon last year in the Pacific. One of these men died. The possibility exists, to be sure, or else cattle here and everywhere would not be picking up enough radioiodine to be detected. But unless we eat green stuff in the same quantities that a cow does we are not likely to be disturbed.

The danger lies mainly in the future when atomic power plants become numerous and accidents are possible, and particularly when radioactive fission products, waste or otherwise, are accumulating all around us. How soon the situation becomes acute is anyone's guess, although it is more likely to be several decades away than several years. In the meantime most city dwellers are much more menaced by city smog than by fall-outs from a more remote source, for smog itself is far from being innocent in the production of lung cancer and other ailments. If we had no one to worry about except our own individual welfare we could probably tolerate test-bomb explosions for a long time to come, just so long as they don't get too close. The concern all of us have or should have is not for our own generation but for all those yet to come.

In the course of time all living things, whether animal, plant, bacteria or virus, undergo changes known as mutations. Changes occur in the reproductive cells so that the cells and the individuals that grow out of them are significantly different from what they might have been. Such mutational changes, which are for the most part spontaneous, are not the only source of the differences that distinguish individuals from one another or from their parents, for another process of hereditary reshuffling also goes on. The

spontaneous changes are the ones which in a human population give rise to such things as color blindness, albinos, blood deficiency such as haemophilia, stumpy fingers, or too many fingers and toes, and a host of other familial or hereditary features passed on from one generation to the next to the dismay of all concerned. For every mutation that might be an asset, nine hundred and ninety-nine are likely to be a liability and detrimental both to the individual and to the society of which he is part. Radiation increases the rate at which such mutations occur. This was proven by Dr. H. J. Muller, professor of zoology at Indiana University, who some years ago received a Nobel Prize for doing so.

Here is the crux of the situation. While most mutations appear to arise spontaneously, some are the result of natural radiation at the surface of the earth and any increase in the general radiation level raises the rate of their production. This has been shown experimentally in animals in the laboratory by Dr. Curt Stern, geneticist at the University of California, and we have no reason to believe that humans would be immune. In a recent publication Muller in fact estimates that about one quarter of all the mutations that arise in the reproductive cells of human beings are produced by the natural radiation resulting from radioactive materials in the earth's crust and the cosmic rays streaming in from outer space. In other words, we are already contending with undesirable results of radiation, and inasmuch as we endeavor to keep every born individual alive until he or she is old enough to reproduce in turn, we nurture our misfits along with the rest. Nature's way has been to get rid of the misfits as quickly as possible so that the strain remains healthy and vigorous.

What the test explosions have been doing is to raise the radiation level of the world we live in slightly above that which prevailed before. And since the radioactivity of fission products may last for a century, every time a bomb explodes the level is raised a little more. They all add up, and the longer we continue our pretty experiments the longer the excess radiation will take to die down. It does not matter very much how slight the rise may be. If it persists it will sooner or later produce its effects and all the unpleasant inheritable defects known to man will slowly but steadily increase throughout the human population.

This process would not spell the doom of humanity however. Not even atomic war would do that. But the penalty for persisting in adding radioactive materials to the air we breathe and the ground we walk on could eventually become appalling. The greater part of the human race would become deficient in various ways, with loss of fertility, loss of vigor and loss of intelligence. Sooner or later humanity would probably become incompetent to maintain the Atomic Age. Then in the course of a few centuries the man-made radioactivity would disappear, and during the course of the next few hundred thousand years the degenerate human stock would become weeded out and replaced by healthy strains that have survived among the wreckage. It would be a slow process of recovery and the Atomic Age would not have been worth the cost. It is our business to see that such a price will never have to be paid. ★

Mailbag

What tourists do (and don't) like

I have just read Robert Thomas Allen on Why U. S. Tourists Are Passing Up Canada (May 28) and I'm afraid I have to agree with him on many points. Some of us Canadians start a business for tourists and throw a lot of junk into a clapboard place and then cheerfully charge say \$5, \$6, or even more, a day. So many forget the little things "we" might find comfortable were we the tourist . . . —Mrs. E. P. Wilson, Hamilton.

• If Mr. Allen had come to Nova Scotia, and western Nova Scotia in particular, he would have found things more to his liking . . . —A. F. Weir, Hebron, N.S.

• Misleading, as far as British Columbia is concerned . . . —T. L. Sturgess, Deputy Minister, Department of Trade and Industry, Victoria.

• . . . Will you ask Mr. Allen to come in Quebec and finish his article? —André Barbeau, Montreal.

• Two years ago we stayed overnight just outside Ottawa . . . The screen door was stuffed with Kleenex, the roof leaked, there was fuzz under the bed and when we asked if we might have a towel at least and a key to the door, you would have thought we had asked for a cabin for free. All this for \$6 per night. —Mrs. Myrtle Bannister, Goderich, Ont.

• . . . As a Canadian businessman I want to thank Mr. Allen for these very sincere and honest remarks on his findings . . . —W. E. Peers, North Bay, Ont.

• In 1929, touring the Maritimes with a road show of a Broadway success, we seized the opportunity to enjoy some real seafood. At Halifax, Saint



John and Charlottetown we staggered from restaurant to café, all advertising fresh seafood, in search of lobster. Not only was there no lobster, but somehow the proprietors managed to convey a reproach that we should desire it . . . —Mrs. A. E. Moore, Seattle, Wash.

• What a grouch the man is! . . . I was thoroughly angry . . . —Katherine Ellis, Winnipeg.

• . . . When Robert Thomas Allen and his fellow Canadians visit their own national and historic centres with the same pride and enthusiasm as Americans display in visiting theirs (instead of writing articles in the spirit of "what's wrong with us?") then the rest of the world will get wise and follow, and better accommodations for tourists will inevitably spring up. —Dorothy E. MacKay, Vancouver.

Whoa There, Whitehorse!

Let us keep our Canadian towns and cities in Canada! When last visited, Whitehorse was still in the Yukon Territory and not in Alaska as stated on page 38 of your April 19 issue. —E. J. Hudson, Saskatoon.

• Have you been able to relocate Tamblyns from Whitehorse (Alaska) to its proper Canadian location? . . . —Dr. Crosby Johnston, Edmonton.

Does Bax Need a Rest?

Do you not think it about time you gave Sir A. Beverley Baxter a long vacation? I hope you do not pay him



for telling your readers about himself lying on the broad of his back, or sitting on the seat of his pants. Who cares? —Gilbert Gray Murdoch, Saint John.

• Baxter rests his gift of prophecy (Bax the Prophet Picks the Tories, May 14) partly on his prediction of Eisenhower's election, overlooking the fact that in an earlier London Letter he predicted the nomination of Taft. —J. O. C. Campbell, Charlottetown.

A Letter from a Bank

The cover of your Feb. 15 issue portrayed reproductions of several denominations of Bank of Canada notes. Copyright in the designs of these notes, both front and back, is vested in the Bank of Canada and we have counsel's opinion that any reproduction thereof constitutes an infringement of this copyright.

Having conferred with your representatives, we are satisfied that the reproduction of Bank of Canada notes in your magazine arose as a result of a misapprehension, and we are further satisfied that appropriate steps have been taken to avoid a recurrence of the incident.

We are advising all printers and publishers of the position with respect to Bank of Canada notes under the Copyright Act. We are also taking steps to remind printers and publishers that the provisions of the 1954 revision of the Criminal Code, which came into force on April 1 this year, make it a punishable offense to print or publish anything in the likeness or appearance of a current bank note, in whole or in part, or of a government bond or other obligation or security of government or bank. —L. F. Mundy, secretary, Bank of Canada, Ottawa. ★

The Four Fears That Prey on Women

by Dr. Marion Hilliard



"Fear is woman's greatest menace", says Dr. Marion Hilliard—chief gynecologist of Canada's famous Women's College Hospital—"but every woman is likely to face four great fears in her lifetime." Here is a new article by Dr. Hilliard, author of the still talked about "The Menopause is Woman's Greatest Blessing", which appeared in April Chatelaine.

And here, at last, are the answers you've asked for. Dr. Hilliard has written for Chatelaine a frank and informative article that every woman will want to read—and written with an understanding only a woman can bring to the subject. Don't miss this article—you'll appreciate its authoritative and helpful advice—appearing exclusively in July Chatelaine.

Chatelaine Salutes . . .

The Incredible Pioneer Women of the West

They sewed a seam and baked the bread and the children they bore made the West a part of Canada. As Alberta and Saskatchewan celebrate their Golden Jubilee, Chatelaine is proud to salute the women who, by their courage and resource, made a homeland out of our Western Frontier.



Marilyn Bell Takes On Her Big Adventure

This courageous girl, the sweetheart of all Canada, is winning new fame and fortune for herself and for Canada overseas. In this issue you'll see the wardrobe Chatelaine has helped Marilyn to choose to see her blithely through most of her off-training hours on both sides of the Channel.



Chatty Chipmunk Says . . .

"Can you make a flower grow out of a shell? I'll show you how in July Chatelaine. Make one and surprise all your friends." This lovable young fellow has been winning firm friends among the small-fry ever since his first appearance just two months ago. And in July Chatelaine he's got another stump full of tricks, rhymes, puzzles and rollicking fun for all the boys and girls.



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MICHAEL REDGRAVE
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COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Backstage At Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

of the past year has shown what strange meanings the Communist authorities seem to attach to the word "freedom."

Last December, for example, the Commission got a complaint that about ten thousand people were gathered at the cathedral in the Roman Catholic village of Ba Lang; they all wanted to go to South Viet Nam where they could practice their religion in freedom and safety, but the Communist authorities wouldn't let them go. The Commission sent up a team to investigate.

The complaint had come in just after Christmas—on December 27—but for some reason the decision to send the team was not made until New Year's Eve, four days later. The communiqué reporting the whole incident was an official release and therefore could not contain any impolite reflection on any of the delegations to the International Commission. It's notorious, though, that the Polish delegate finds one plausible reason after another for postponing decision and prolonging discussion in cases of this kind.

After the decision was finally taken there was another delay of three days, "due to the need of making logistic arrangements by the liaison mission of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam." By January 3, a full week after the complaint had been received, a Commission team set off and got as far as Thanhhoa, twenty-five miles from its destination. Local Communist authorities wouldn't let it go any farther. There had been a clash between civilians and soldiers at Ba Lang, they said, so "in the interest of security" the Commission team was detained at Thanhhoa for four more days "until law and order had been restored" at Ba Lang.

When the team finally reached Ba Lang on January 8, it was not surprised to find "no actual concentration of people in the cathedral or around Ba Lang as alleged by the French authorities." Eleven days' delay, plus military operations to "restore law and order," had been ample for the dispersal of any concentration that had existed.

However, the Commission team stayed in Ba Lang for nearly three weeks and was able to find out a good deal. In Ba Lang itself was a population of more than three thousand people, most of them Roman Catholics who wanted to go south. There was a permit office less than twenty miles away, empowered to issue exit permits and easily accessible to the would-be refugees. Why, then, had only a handful got permits to go?

The Commission team found several reasons why. The people expected a French or American ship to come and take them all out together, but some who applied for exit permits were refused on the ground that they "would not give the approximate date of their departure"—not an easy thing to do since nobody knew when the ship would come. Also, Communist troops had arrived in Ba Lang who "advised" the people against going south. Of these activities the Commission said flatly: "This is pressure and not persuasion."

Just how severe the "pressure" could be was demonstrated during the riotous outbreak that had delayed the Commission team's arrival.

On New Year's Eve a French ship had anchored at sea near Ba Lang and twelve men from the village went out to

board her, taking a letter from village leaders which presumably recited the people's complaints. One of the twelve men stayed with the ship and the rest came back. On reaching shore they were all arrested, their boat and fish catch and food confiscated; four of the eleven were later released but when the team arrived seven were still in custody.

The people of Ba Lang didn't take this lying down. A crowd gathered in the cathedral compound, armed with handmade pikes. They took four soldiers prisoner and held them as hostages for the civilians being held by the Communists. Not until the Communist authorities sent in military reinforcements who arrested two hundred "alleged rebels" were they able to restore order.

APPARENTLY the Ba Lang experience is a fairly typical one in northern Indo-China. Canadian delegates to the International Commission became so disgusted with the obstruction and sabotage of their work by local Communist authorities that they seriously considered bringing in a minority report instead of merely adding a separate note to the Commission's third interim report that was published in June.

Looking back now, though, Canadian officials are glad that the men on the spot kept their patience and signed the unanimous report. Even the unanimous statement, though its language has a studied moderation, is sharply critical of the obstruction and administrative breakdowns which have been impeding the Commission's work, especially its attempts to ensure freedom of movement for would-be refugees. Canada's note draws the attention of the Geneva Powers to these critical passages, thus in effect publishing them in black-face type. They have probably a stronger impact, carrying as they do the reluctant concurrence of the Polish delegate, than a minority report could have had no matter how strong its language might have been.

This is one reason why Ottawa feels satisfied that the International Com-

mission in Indo-China has done a worthwhile job and that Canada did well to accept the rather thankless chore of serving on it. Another reason is that despite all the impediments and obstructions, the sabotage and the intimidation, hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese Christians have in fact been able to escape from the Communist North into South Viet Nam. L. B. Pearson, for one, is satisfied that without the International Commission standing by as a friendly witness, few of these people would have escaped.

On the other hand, though the experiment has worked out well enough in Indo-China, it raises several disquieting reflections about any similar operation in Europe.

First, in Indo-China the Western powers had nothing more to lose. After Dienbienphu it was evident that the war in Indo-China was lost and that no Western power was both able and willing to reverse that military decision. Therefore anything salvaged from the wreckage of Viet Nam is a net gain, and anything lost had been written off anyway. In Europe, where the stakes are vastly higher and where nothing at all has been written off in advance, it would be reckless to proceed with no better guarantees of good faith than were exacted in the Geneva Treaties for Indo-China. But how can any better guarantees be obtained?

Second, Indo-China has had the indispensable service of India as head of the International Commission—India the uncommitted power, the would-be friend of both sides in the cold war, the nation whose agreement and good opinion both sides must court. Without India and her policy of "non-alignment" it is doubtful that the Geneva Treaties for Indo-China could ever have been signed, let alone implemented.

What nation is thus uncommitted in Europe? Where could a European commission for supervision and control find a similarly impartial chairman?

The question is a considerable tribute to India's foreign policy, but not much comfort to policy-makers of the West. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Remember last year, how they just stood around and watched."

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

that histrionic genius Napoleon Bonaparte.

The Revolution was over. The Seine no longer ran red with blood, and the whole nation was experiencing something very like an alcoholic hangover. Napoleon watched his chance, married the mistress of M. Barras (who was one of the committee of five running the country) and eventually made himself emperor.

The Comédie Française, which had closed down during the Revolution, and the aftermath of disillusion, came into being again. Once more Paris was gay. Once more the wits let loose their darts. In fact the theatre throbbed into new life under the impetus of the remarkable little man who had made himself emperor. When he went to Erfurt to pull the wool over the eyes of the Russian Emperor, he took the whole company of the Comédie Française with him. Thus while Napoleon played his comedy of deception, his company of actors played theirs.

But in 1812 that supreme little Corsican actor saw something which was far removed from comedy. Instead it had the quality of great tragedy. Ensnared in Moscow for the winter Napoleon suddenly saw the red flames leaping toward the skies. It was the beginning of the end for he knew that his army would have to withdraw and struggle its way home through icy death.

Wrote Laws as Moscow Burned

But while his soldiers were getting ready to evacuate the burning city Napoleon calmly worked out a set of laws to govern the French theatre. Nero merely played the violin when Rome burned, but Napoleon created a theatre chart for the centuries.

After Waterloo, out went Napoleon and in came the Bourbons. The Paris theatre was in the doldrums. The Bourbons were bores and history was tired of them. The Napoleonic Wars had killed the best of a generation and left the others to carry on the life of France.

Like everything else the Comédie Française went into a decline. The state subsidy was so small that the actors had to play comedy on empty stomachs. They struggled through the years but the situation grew even worse after World War I. It seemed that the great company of players might have to close down.

But a new school of writers was coming into being. No longer was comedy confined to the powdered wig-gery of Molière and Beaumarchais. The restless genius of Jean Cocteau was demanding a hearing. The adventurous Anouilh was sharpening his wit and his pencil. Comedy could be cruel as well as funny. Comedy could wrap wisdom in a cruel jest.

As far as London was concerned there had been no visit from the Comédie Française from 1870 until February 1939 and I do not doubt that the French government sent the players to London as a gesture of comradeship.

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Rampaging about central Europe was that murderous clown, Adolf Hitler. In Moscow, where Napoleon drew up his laws for the theatre, there was Stalin, the Russian Sphinx, watching the drama of events with his appraising Asiatic eyes.

But we forgot these things for an hour or more as we sat in the theatre and watched the goodly players from Paris. Inevitably of course we had the French comedy of Molière which is as changeless as Shakespeare's. Molière and his contemporaries were fascinated with the theme of the valet who dresses in the clothes of his lordly master and, disguised by a tiny mask, makes love to his master's mistress. The decades, even the centuries, have no corroding effect on this side-splitting situation. Not even Cocteau has been able to turn Paris away from that hoary old plot.

Yet it must be admitted that the costumes of the eighteenth century assist the French actresses in their historic mission of proving that the most exciting thing in the world is being feminine. Everything about them is feminine—their eyes, their hands, their wit, their pouting, their charm, their good humor.

And when in Canada you go to see this famous company note how beautifully the women use their voices. Not for them the nasal or the dental. They are taught that the richness and the lure of the voice come from the head tones. In my opinion the great Sarah Bernhardt (whom I heard in Toronto long, long ago) went too far in this direction and practically sang her lines. Nevertheless it is the overtones that matter, whether in speaking or singing.

But the charm of the Parisian actress does not end there. She contrives to appear helpless, thus captivating the strutting male, but in fact she is always the absolute mistress of the situation in more ways than one.

I agree that the theme of the valet masquerading as his master gives the actress an excellent chance to be vivacious, charming, naughty and ultimately virtuous, but it no longer rolls me into the aisle. It is true that the valet is a disappearing entity in all society but, looking back to the early 1920s in England when he still existed, I never saw a valet who did not have much better manners than his master. However, the French cling to the old theme and we must let them have it.

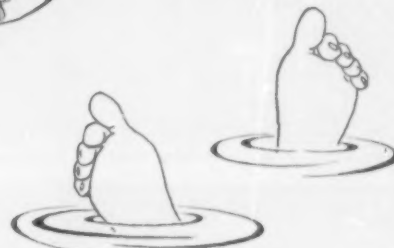
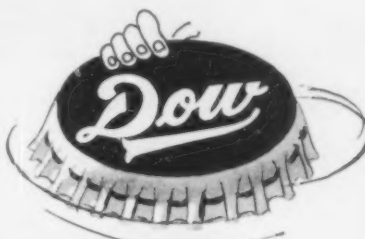
Toronto will crowd the Royal Alexandra Theatre to the roof when these eminent players reach the Queen City, but then Toronto takes culture seriously—and quite rightly! But the emotional climax of their tour will be when they play in Montreal. In many ways the French citizens of the Province of Quebec have more in common with eighteenth-century France than have the French people of today. There is an elegance about the city of Quebec that lingers like the scent of an old party dress.

Just one last word and we shall end this London Letter. It is a thousand pities that changing tastes and rising costs have made the survival of the living theatre possible only in a metropolis. Had there been no such thing as the printed word, the theatre could be the continuing historian of a nation's life. Shakespeare's plays give us a greater understanding of sixteenth-century England than all the histories combined.

Therefore, when the Comédie Française goes to Canada it will not be merely as a band of gifted players but as Paris itself. The story of the Comédie Française is the story of that city of tragedy and beauty and wit.

Be good to the players for they are gentle, unworldly creatures who find reality only in the imaginative. ★

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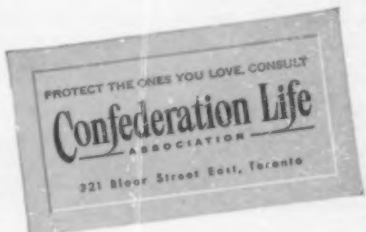
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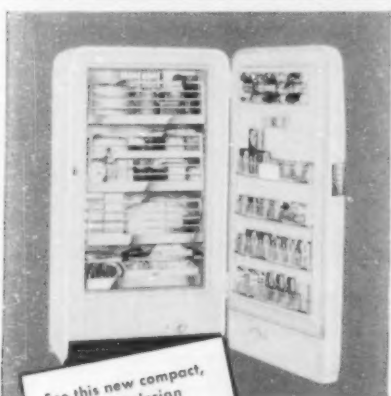


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WHEN a naïve city dweller ventures into the bush country on vacation he's at the mercy of more than the wild life. This fellow approached the local police chief at Smiths Falls, Ont., a little hesitantly, already beginning to feel foolish, and reported his boat had been taken from his boathouse.

"Just a minute while I check," said the high constable, ducking into his office to telephone. A moment later the chief reported another resident who claimed ownership to the same boathouse had complained that someone had been prowling around — had even changed the padlock, in fact — so he had removed his boat.

"That's right," said the city man. "Someone's been prowling about my boathouse so I changed the lock. But it's my boat, too—I bought it with the boathouse."

Well, he was feeling more and more sheepish as he told the cop he'd bought the property just a week before and had paid only thirteen fifty for the whole deal, but when he got to the name of the vendor the chief collapsed with laughter. "That's our town problem you made the deal with. Only last week we booked him for drunk and disorderly and he asked for half a day to produce the fine. It was exactly \$13.50. First time he's ever paid up."

The neighbor's youngster who had been invited to dinner by this Edmonton family was doing a lot of boasting about how much he helped his mother—washing dishes, making beds, sweeping the kitchen. This



went down fine with his hostess but poorly with her own young son and daughter. "That's splendid," exclaimed the hostess warmly. "I'm sure your mother will live longer on account of your help."

The eight-year-old daughter of the house looked coldly at her mother and said, "Yes, but he won't."

If you've ever had a live bird flutter mistakenly into your household you'll appreciate the frenzy of the Montreal West citizen who spent an exhausting half hour the other

evening pursuing a terrified starling about the premises with a fisherman's landing net. The only result was a string of toppled chairs and tumbled curtain rods left in his wake, until by a stroke of amazing good luck the bird finally darted into an open bread box. With a glad cry the thankful householder clapped the lid down and not even pausing for breath lugged the box out into the garden to release the bird and be rid of the pest forever. The bird lost no time getting out of the box, all right, only to dart straight for the bright beacon of the open kitchen door, glowing in the darkness.

Brantford, Ont., is one of those comfortable-size towns where a fellow can go home for lunch and even have time to teeter on the curb a



moment, talking across the street to his neighbor before they both go back to work. One Monday these two fellows on Lyons Avenue were chewing over the week-end accident toll: Awful what can happen on the roads these days, and of course (touch wood) I've never scraped a fender in twenty years' driving, and (thank Heaven) neither have I. And then they climbed into their cars in facing driveways and backed smack into each other.

A Saskatchewan musical director had told his friend the dentist several times that his denture was acting up and badly needed adjusting, but the only sympathy he got was "All booked up, call me next week." Came an evening when the dentist's wife hauled him off to a choir concert conducted by the would-be patient. There was a capacity audience, the choir outdid itself and in the grand finale the conductor took such a swipe at the air with his baton that the faulty plate shot out of his mouth. With big-league dexterity he snagged the teeth in mid-air, clapped them back in his mouth without missing a beat and turned smartly a moment later to take a bow with the choir. The ovation was tremendous and as dozens of people pressed forward to shake his hand it was obvious no one had noticed his sleight of hand except the dentist who exclaimed fervently, "A most convincing performance. See me at nine tomorrow."

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